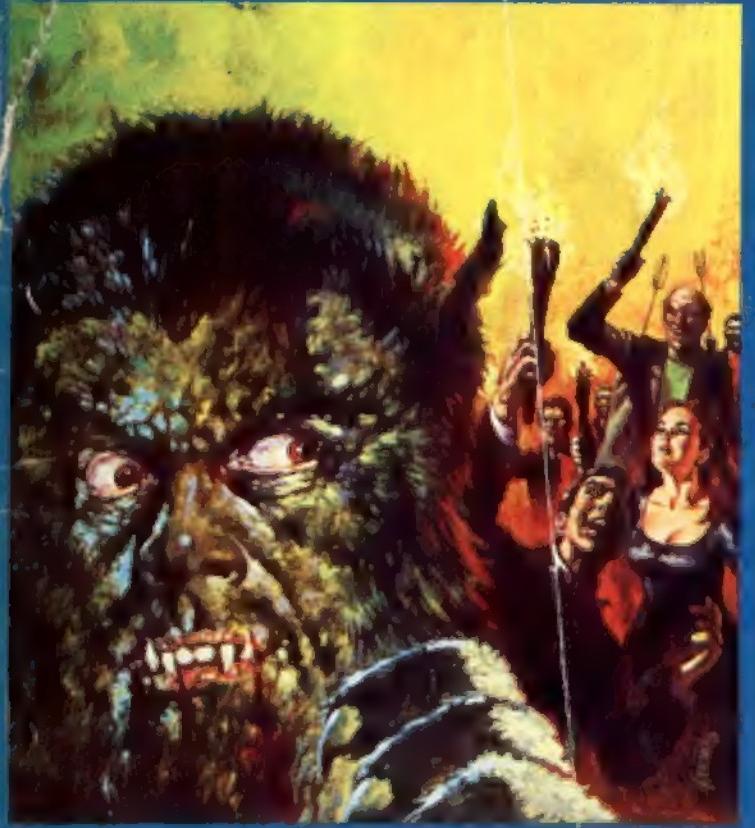


DISCOVER THE HORROR-MOOD IN THIS
...almighty EVIL issue...

PSYCHO

600
47357
NO. 10
JANUARY 1973

A SIXTYWORLD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION



help me...help me!
cries the EVIL
SUICIDE WEREWOLF



PABLO MARCUS

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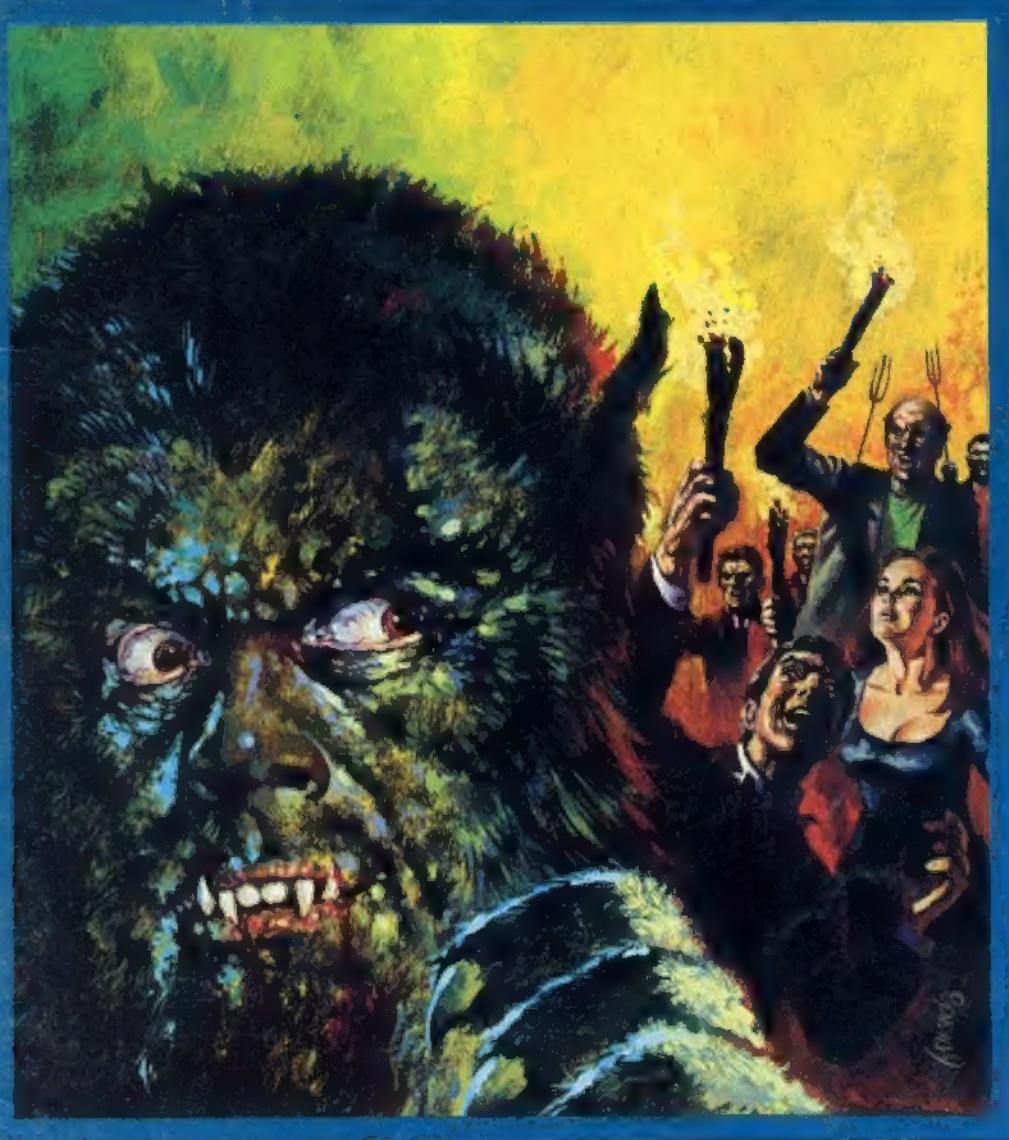


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PABLO
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NUMBER 10

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FEATURE CHARACTERS

...THIS... IS THE ALMIGHTY EVIL ISSUE OF
PSYCHO... WHEREIN UNMITIGATED HORRORS
CLUTCH TOGETHER AND READY THEMSELVES
TO LEAP OUT AT YOUR LUNATIC-EMOTIONAL
HORROR MOOD...

4... OUR COVER STORY #1... *THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF*... "...CONFESS CORRUPT F...CONFESS..."
16... *THE LEGEND OF THE MAN-MACABRE* ...
"WHY CAN'T I FIND A SUITABLE VICTIM?..."
25... *PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES*... "AHH PGH DZ HEH HEH TOOTY-AH"
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34 AND 35... *THIS IS THE SLITHER SLIME PAGE*... BEING AWKWARDLY OUR LETTERS PAGE...
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45... *THE TRANSPLANT*... "GRINDING TISSUE AND BONE TO ELDritch DECAY..."
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56... OUR COVER STORY #2 *TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE*... "...BUT I HAVE NO ACID..."
65... *FRANKENSTEIN*... SKYWALD RE-WRITES THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES... SATIRICALLY...
3RD COVER... *DRACULA*... "...I AM DRACULA..."
4TH COVER... *IT*... "...AS I WATCHED, A SLIME COVERED KIND OF INHUMAN TENTACLE SLITHERED UP AND OUT AND GROPED ABOUT NEAR MY FEET..."

...THE PARANOID EVIL NUMBER IN PHASE ONE WILL BEGIN...
...ONLY...
...WHEN YOU SLOWLY TURN...

WHAT IS THAT...
THAT THING
STARING AT US?

...WELL I CAN RECOMMEND IT... FOR ONE THING... IT'S THE ONLY MAGAZINE I KNOW WITH TWO COVER STORIES... ONE ABOUT ME... *TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE*...

...UNDoubtedly THE FATTEST HORROR-PACKAGE EVER CONCOCTED BY THAT LUNATIC GROUP... THE MOOD-TEAM...

...MISS US NOT...

...A READER... AT THE
BEST OF TIMES THEY ARE...
HIDEOUS... AT THE WORST
OF TIMES GROTESQUE...
AT THE MOMENT THE
PERSON... UGH... THING...
IS IN A STATE OF TORMENT.
WONDERING WHETHER TO
PURCHASE... TO PERUSE...
OR TO MERELY PEEK AT THIS
almighty EVIL issue of PSYCHO...

...AND THE OTHER ABOUT ME... THE
SUICIDE WEREWOLF... BUT LET US
ALSO MENTION A LEERING LOOK AT
FRANKENSTEIN AND A THING
CALLED IT... AND THE RETURN
OF THE HEAP...

CONFESS!

...**NO!**... I HAVE
NOTHING TO
CONFESS...

CONFESS CORRUPT F. CONFESS!

I HAVE **NOTHING**
TO CONFESS TO...
DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YOU ARE A WEREWOLF...
YOU HAVE **KILLED**...
YOU HAVE MAIMED... YOU
HAVE BRUTALLY **BUTCHERED**...
HUMAN LIFE CORRUPT F...
CONFESS TO YOUR
CRIMES...

I HAVE
NOTHING
TO CONFESS...



YOU REALIZE
YOU WILL BE
TORTURED UNTIL
YOU CONFESS
CORRUPT F...
SAVE YOURSELF...

THAT'S NOT
FAIR... YOU
HAVE NO
RIGHT...

...SAVE YOURSELF...
UNCOUNTED... AGONIES...

--NO--
I WILL
NOT
CONFESS!

FABIO MARCOS

--CONFESS
CORRUPT F--
CONFESS YOU
HAVE KILLED...
CONFESS YOU
ARE A WEREWOLF...
CONFESS...
CONFESS...
CONFESS...

OH GOD
HELP ME...
HELP ME...

THIS TALE TAKES YOU **BEYOND** NORMAL
BOUNDARIES... IT DOES NOT LIMIT THE IMAGINATION...
IT IS A TALE THAT TO **ANTICIPATE** YOU MUST STUDY
CLOSELY- FOR THIS 'SCENE' IS NOT AS IT 'SEEMS'...
AS THE MAN CALLED **CORRUPT F** SCREAMS OUT
HIS LUNGS CRYING: **HELP ME! HELP ME!**

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF

HEWETSON AND MARCOS



...THEN LET YOUR
HORROR BE
COMPOUNDED...

GET ME OUT--
GET ME OUT
FOR GOD'S
SAKE!

...YOU WILL
GO FROM
ONE TORTURE
TO ANOTHER
TILL YOU
CONFESS...

GOD
YES

DO YOU
CONFESS?

GOD
NO

NO

DO YOU
WANT TO DIE?
THEN CONFESS!!

NO--
THAT IS NOT
FAIR!

NO

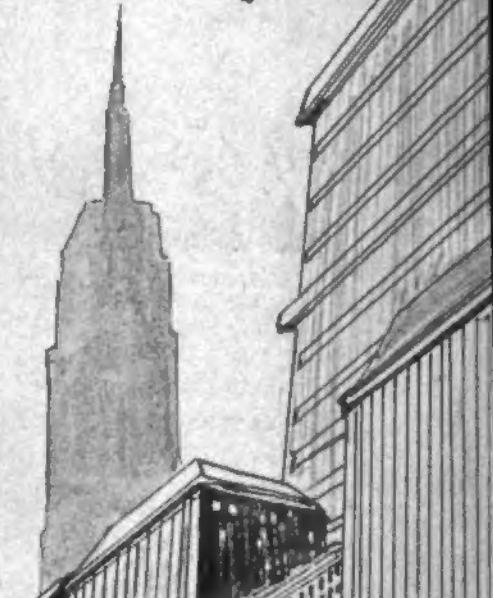
...OH
GOD...

NO!

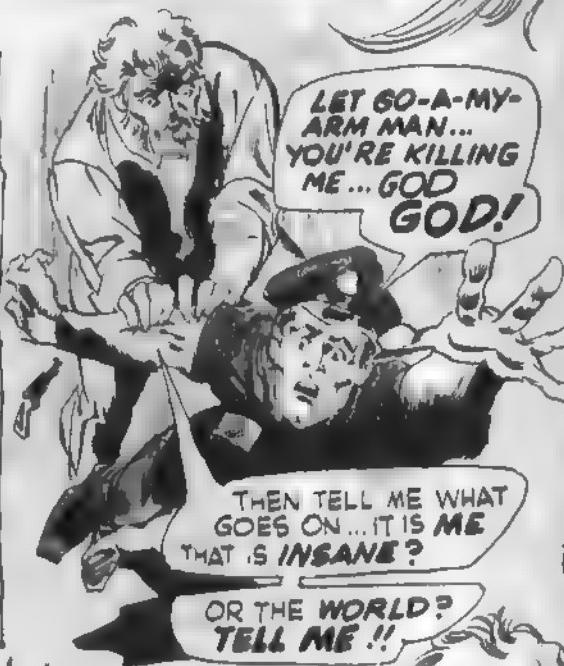
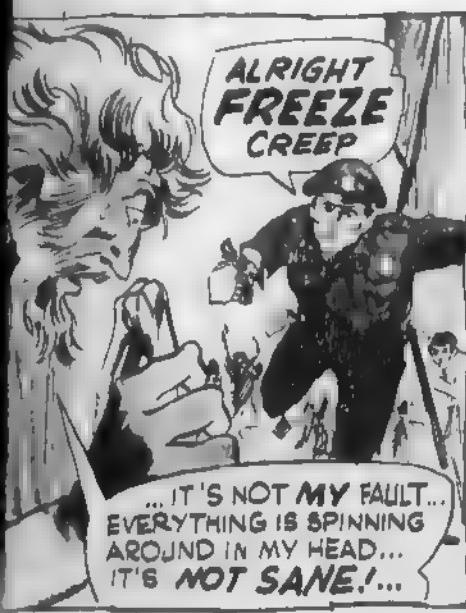
LET ME DIE!
LET ME DIE

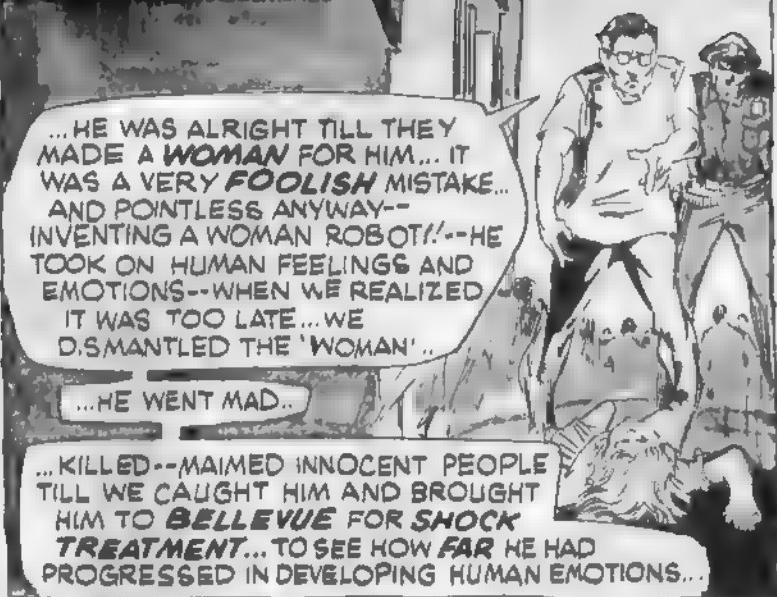
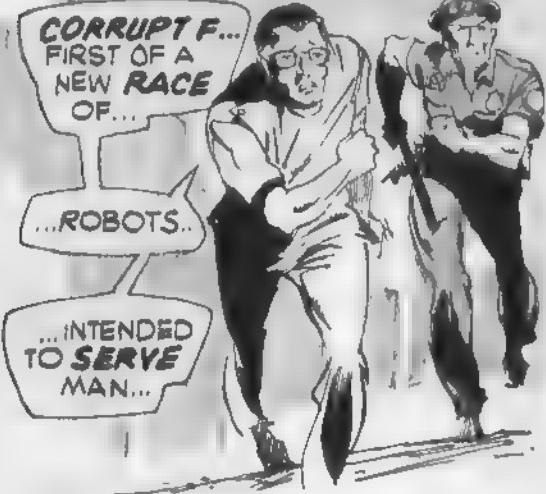
WHAT IS **FAIR** AND
WHAT IS **NOT** IS HARDLY
YOUR CONCERN AT
THE MOMENT **CORRUPT F.**,
ALIAS : THE WEREWOLF
MURDEROR ! CONFESS
AND WE WILL PERMIT
YOUR DEATH...





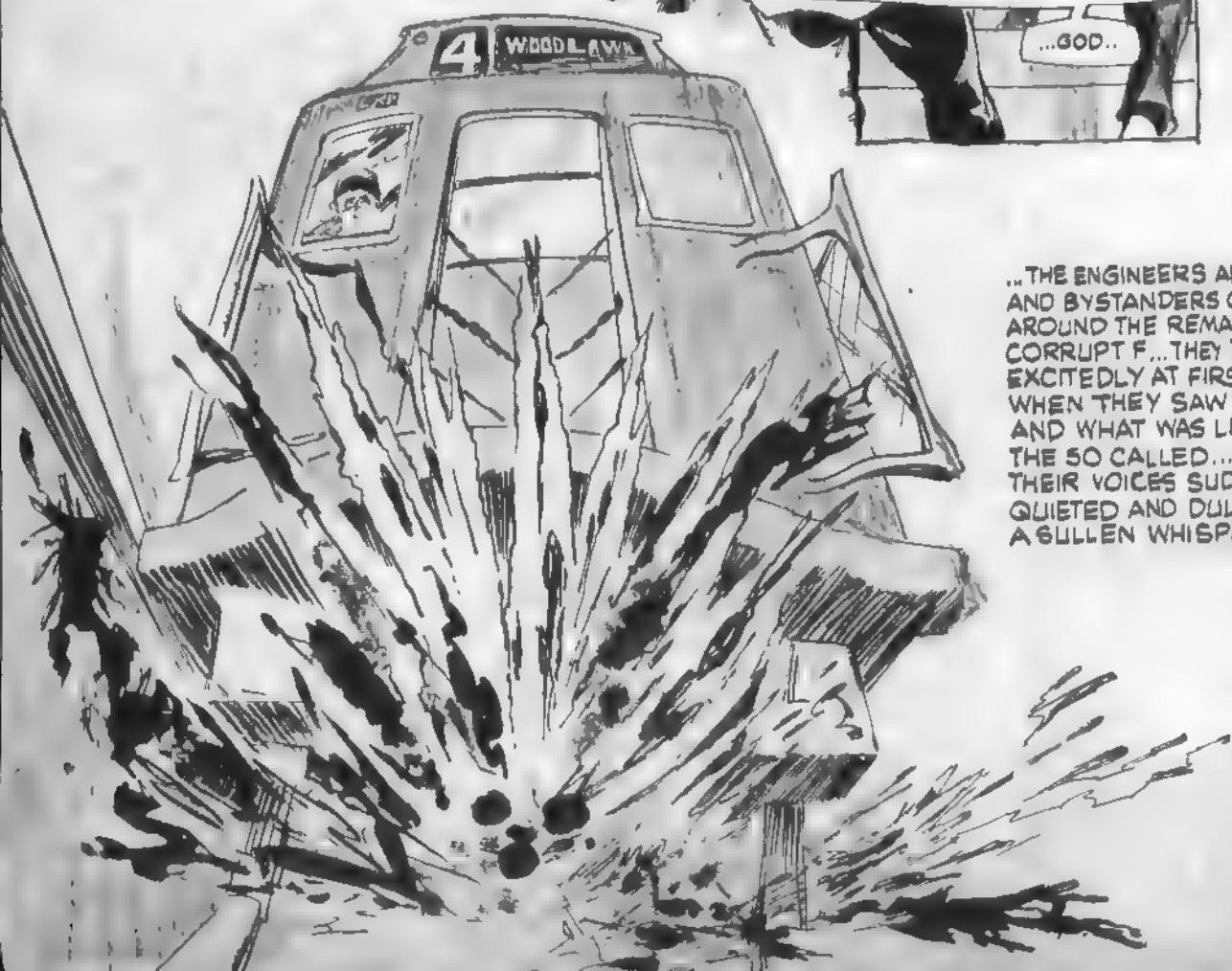






I WON'T-
NO, GOD, I
WON'T!

...MAYBE
HE IS...





HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED ALONG WITH THE WOMAN... GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT WENT THROUGH HIS MIND AS HE ATTACKED THESE PEOPLE. THIS HELPLESS CHILD. THE DOCTOR BACK AT THE HOSPITAL...

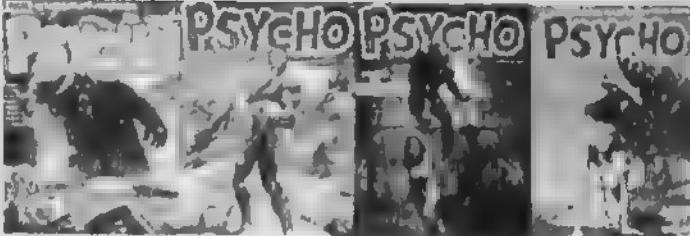
WHY WAS HE SHOUTING SOMETHING ABOUT A WEREWOLF THO? WHAT HAS A WEREWOLF GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?



...WHEN THE DOCTORS RUSHED DOWN AFTER THEIR PATIENTS... THEIR 'MECHANICAL MAN'... THEY QUICKLY COVERED UP THE BITS OF FLESH AND BONE WITH A HOSPITAL BLANKET...



...AN EXPLANATION MIGHT BE IN ORDER--BUT IT IS NOT FORTHCOMING... NO--WE LEAVE SPECULATION TO YOU... ...OURS... IS NOT TO REASON WHY...



#2... \$2.00 #3... \$1.50 #4... \$1.50 #8... \$1.00

THIS IS THE MAGAZINE OF THE MAD-ULTIMATE LUNATIC HEAP... THE USUAL-UNUSUAL MAN-BEAST WHO COMES INTO YOUR MIND AND BENDS IT IN...

PSYCHO



PSYCHO
11

ANNUAL \$1.00 #9... \$1.00 ONSALE OCT 26 ON SALE DEC 28

...LEARN THE MACABRE ORIGIN OF THE HEAP IN ISSUE #2... THEN TAUNT YOUR BRAIN CORPUSCLES IN THESE TALES OF FIENDISH OTHER-THINGS 'THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY' BY BRAINWASHED BILL EVERETT IN #3... 'FRANKENSTEIN' BY TERRIBLE TOM SUTTON IN #4... AND LOSE COMPLETE HOLD OF YOUR SANITY IN 'THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO' BY RABID RAMON TORRENTS IN PSYCHO #8...



NIGHTMARE IS THE MAGAZINE OF CORPSES, CADAVERS, CREEPS, CRETONS AND MACABRE CRABS-- WHERE AWKWARD MANY-MOUTHED GOULS LINGER HORRIBLY THROUGH ARCHAIC GRAVEYARDS SLITHERING AND SLIDING ABOUT AND WAITING TO ENTER YOUR PRIMAL-SPINAL... GRAB ONTO 'MARK OF THE BEAST' BY SUFFERING SYD SHORES IN ISSUE #1... 'TUNNELS OF HORROR' BY PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS IN #8... 'IN A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA' BY BENT BILL PAYNE IN THE ANNUAL... AND 'THE THING IN THE ALLEY' BY ARCHAIC AL AND BYGONE BERNI WRIGHTSON IN #9... ALL IN



#1... \$2.00 #2... \$2.00



#3... \$1.50 #8... \$1.00

NIGHTMARE



NIGHTMARE
#11

#9... \$1.00 #10... \$1.00 ANNUAL \$1.50 ONSALE NOV. 30



HEREIN IS WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN MANIACAL, ASTONISHING, CORRUPT, HARD-TO-GET, MINT, WEIRD, >CHOKE & COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS FROM OUR...

BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT

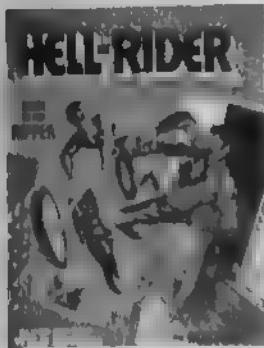
...AND IN THE PROCESS, PROVIDE YOURSELF WITH MANY AWKWARD EVENINGS OF OFTEN-LITERATE GRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT...



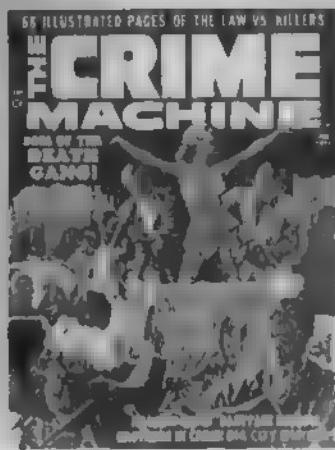
#1 ... \$ 2.00

HELL-RIDER

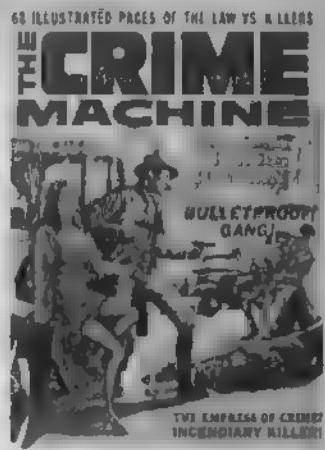
HAVE YOU MET THE HELL-RIDER? ... HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE HORROR-BIKE? ... GRAB ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD-BUNCH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LITHE-LIMBED BLACK BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE...



#2 ... \$ 2.00



#1 ... \$ 2.00



#2 ... \$ 2.00

THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS, DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS, UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 2 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS.. LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE ... THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE Brain...



ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED... \$

for CRIME-MACHINE #1 #2

for HELL-RIDER #1 #2

for PSYCHO #2 #3 #4 #8 ANNUAL #9 #10

NIGHTMARE #1 #2 #3 #8 #9 ANNUAL #10 #11

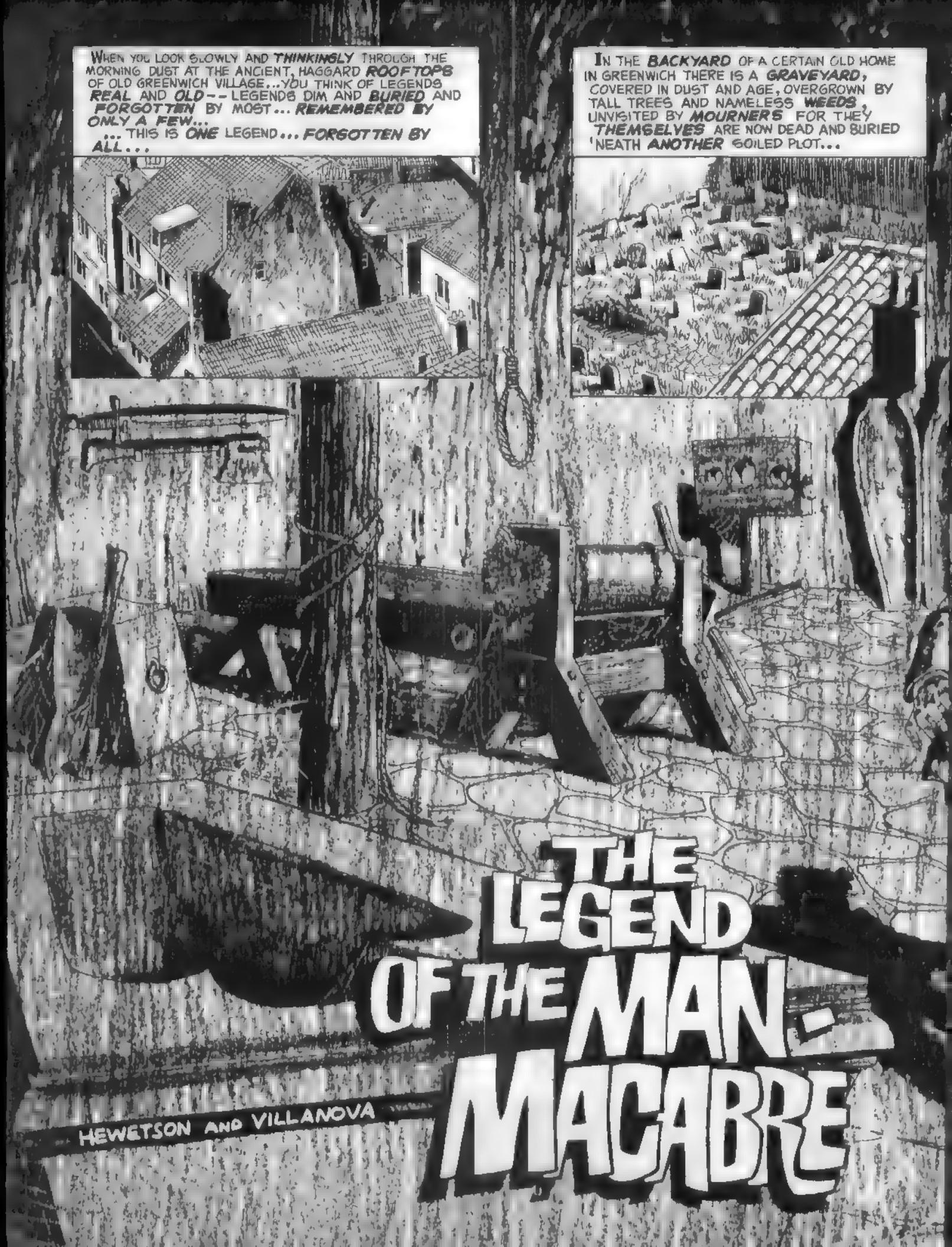
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

WHEN YOU LOOK SLOWLY AND THINKINGLY THROUGH THE MORNING DUST AT THE ANCIENT, HAGGARD ROOFTOPS OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE...YOU THINK OF LEGENDS REAL AND OLD--LEGENDS DIM AND BURIED AND FORGOTTEN BY MOST...REMEMBERED BY ONLY A FEW...
... THIS IS ONE LEGEND...FORGOTTEN BY ALL...

IN THE BACKYARD OF A CERTAIN OLD HOME IN GREENWICH THERE IS A GRAVEYARD, COVERED IN DUST AND AGE, OVERGROWN BY TALL TREES AND NAMELESS WEEDS, UNVISITED BY MOURNERS FOR THEY THEMSELVES ARE NOW DEAD AND BURIED NEATH ANOTHER SOILED PLOT...



THE LEGEND OF THE MAN MACABRE

HEWETSON AND VILLANOVA

AND WITHIN THIS GRAVEYARD THERE IS A CRYPT-UNDERGROUND AND ALMOST UNREACHABLE, ITS ENTRANCE BEING NEARLY HIDDEN IN OVERTURNED TIME - WHICH REMAINED ALONE AND UNUSED MANY UNCOUNTABLE YEARS-- HIDING SECRETS TOO BLACK TO BE SANE AND HUMAN...

IT WAS LAST AUGUST I BOUGHT THIS HOUSE, AND IN THAT MONTH THAT I FOUND THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE AND DEEP STONE STAIRWELL AS I SEARCHED THE GROUNDS...

THEY USED TO DIG THESE CRYPTS AWFUL DEEP BENEATH THE GROUND... SUPERSTITION... BUT THIS STAIRWAY SEEMS TO DESCEND ENDLESSLY...

...WHERE CAN IT LEAD?

I FOUND THAT IT LED TO A LEGEND... THAT SOME MAN SOME-WHERE MUST KNOW... BUT NOT I... TO ME IT IS ONLY A FORBIDDEN MYSTERY... ONE CAN ONLY GUESS AT ..

GOOD LORD...THIS IS NO COMMON CRYPT...IT'S A TORTURE CHAMBER... ...LIKE SOMETHING POE WOULD DREAM UP...

...THE HORRORS THAT MUST HAVE OCCURRED HERE WHEN IT WAS IN OPERATION MUST HAVE BEEN HORRENDOUS... INHUMAN...

...AND IT IS ON THAT THOUGHT... THAT WE START OUR TALE...

THE LEGEND OF
THE MAN-MACABRE
TOOK PLACE
ENTIRELY IN THE
MONTH OF
DECEMBER, 1849...

MANY WOULD CALL
THIS MAN SICK...
DEPRAYED...

...OR A LUNATIC...A
MADMAN...

...SUCH OVERUSED WORDS THOSE!... AND
WRONG!... HE IS ONLY A ROMANTIC... A
MAN-MACABRE...



IS IT NEVER
GOING TO
HAPPEN?

...TWO WEEKS--
AND NOTHING!

THE FIRST
GIRL I SOUGHT
PULLED A PISTOL
OUT OF HER
PURSE...

...NEARLY
SHOT MY
ARM OFF...

00000
POE WOULD
LAUGH AT
ME...

...AND HOW
I'VE TRIED...
I SET IT UP
EXACTLY AS
HE DESCRIBED
SO OFTEN...
TO THE
MINUTEST
DETAIL...

...EVERYTHING...

...IS IT THAT
I'M JINXED?...

-- THE
SECOND
SCREAMED
LIKE A
BANSHEE...

...THOUGHT MY
EARS WOULD
DIE ON THE
SPOT!

WHY CAN'T
I FIND A
SUITABLE
VICTIM?

FOR YEARS I'VE
BEEN A DEVOTED READER...
EVERYTHING POE EVER
WROTE I KNOW BY HEART...
THEN WHEN HE DIED JUST
A COUPLE OF MONTHS
AGO... I THOUGHT I'D
DIE TOO...

...THEN I KNEW
WHAT I COULD DO...
I HAD TO KEEP
HIM ALIVE!

...HIS
MEMORY...
HIS
WORKS...

...NOW IN
THIS COMPOSITE
DUNGEON OF
TORTURE HE IS
ALIVE... ALL HIS
MOMENTS OF GLORY
... HIS FINEST
WORDS AND IDEAS
... NOW THEY
ARE REAL...

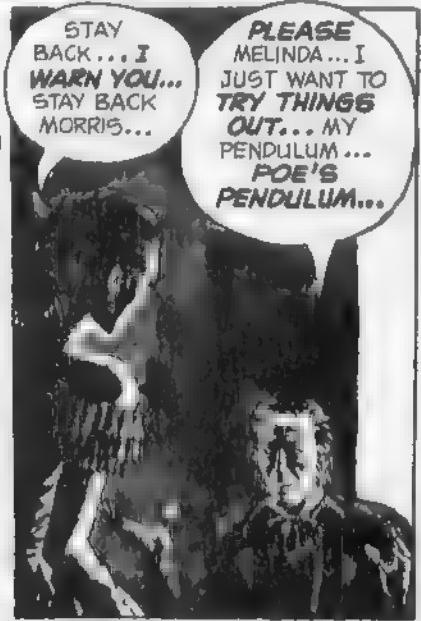
BUT I HAVE NO
VICTIM... NO
INNOCENT TO PUT
TO THIS PROUD
RACK...

...I MUST SEEK
ALTERNATE
MEANS...

NOW-- AS THE LEGEND CONTINUES, IT IS A NIGHT OR TWO LATER...











... AND THE WITCH-MACABRE AND THE
MAN-MACABRE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER...
FOR INCOME THEY KEPT A GRAVEYARD
IN THEIR BACKYARD ... ODD PERHAPS...
BUT THEN -- THEY ENJOYED THEIR
WORK...



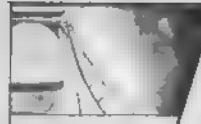
PETER PIPER IS A MORTICIAN IN A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA. IT BEING A SMALL TOWN, AND THERE BEING FEW DEATHS, MR. PIPER ALSO OPERATES CERTAIN OTHER ENTERPRISES IN ORDER TO EARN ENOUGH TO BE COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY... HIS OTHER CONCERN'S INCLUDE A LENDING LIBRARY AND A SMALL DELICATESSEN, WHICH HE OPERATES ALL IN THE ONE, SINGLE, RATHER OLD BUILDING HE RENTS ON MAIN STREET.. MAIN STREET IS ALSO KNOWN AS 'ONLY STREET' IN THIS VILLAGE CALLED TWEED, BECAUSE THERE IS ONLY 1 STREET...

...BUT AFTER ALL, ONE STREET *ENOUGH* OF A LOCALE TO START A STRANGE, MACABRE TALE WHICH WE HESITATE TO ADMIT, IS TITLED:

...Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Corpses...

HEINETSON
AND SPORN
CINERON

THERE IS NOT VERY MUCH TO SAY ABOUT MR PIPER. HE IS A SHY RETIRING MAN WHO LIVES ALONE AND, HAVING LITTLE REALLY TO DO IN TWEED HE WORKS A LOT, PUTTING HIS ENTERPRISES IN GOOD ORDER.. KEEPING THE ANCIENT YELLOW BOOKS OF HIS LENDING LIBRARY IN PROPER SHAPE



ATTENDING TO HIS DUTIES AS
TWEED'S MORTICIAN



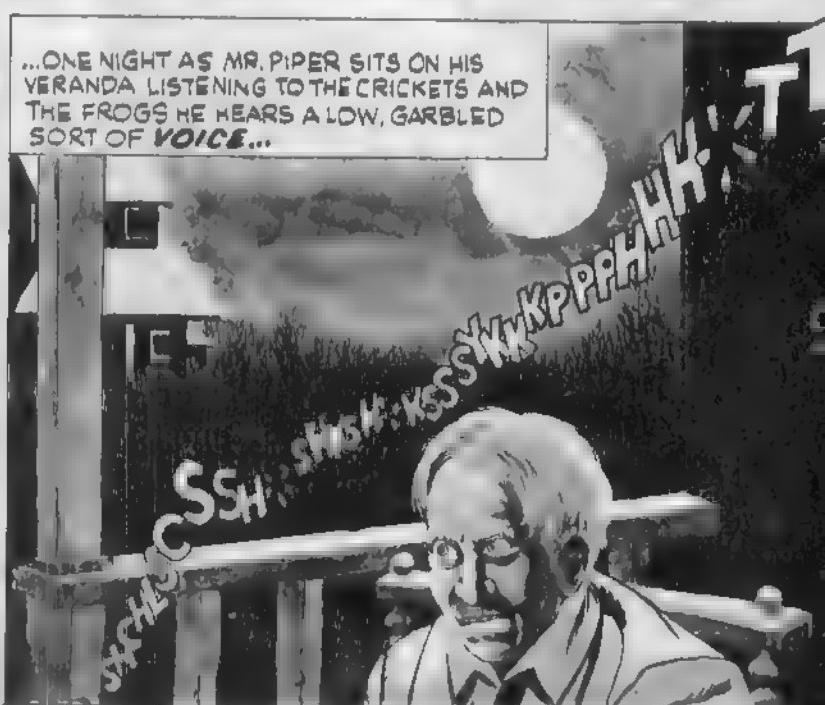
AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GUESSING ALL ALONG THAT THE BODIES AND THE MEATS ARE SOMEHOW LINKED, WE SHAN'T KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE ANY LONGER... WE'LL ADMIT THAT MR. PIPER OCCASIONALLY TRIES TO MAKE A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS BY STUFFING PEOPLE PARTS ON HIS SHELVES...

...THIS IS NOTHING TO BE DISTURBED ABOUT, BECAUSE THE CITIZENS OF THIS RURAL COMMUNITY DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER ABOUT WHAT THEY EAT...

AND BESIDES... THIS HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH OUR TALE... WHICH IS REALLY ABOUT MR. PIPER'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS.



...ONE NIGHT AS MR. PIPER SITS ON HIS VERANDA LISTENING TO THE CRICKETS AND THE FROGS HE HEARS A LOW, GARBLED SORT OF VOICE...



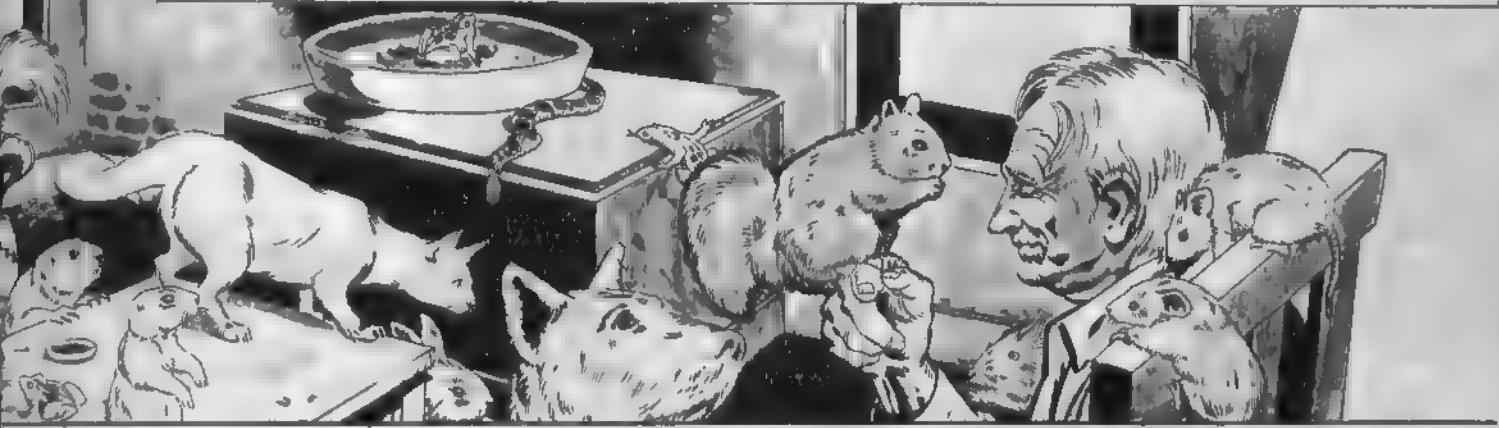
...THE CHILDREN OF TWEED DAILY COME TO PLAY WITH MR. PIPER'S PETS.. AND ARE GENUINE FRIENDS TO THE OLD MAN WHO, AT AGE 78 FINDS HIMSELF NEAR DEATH...



...AND MAKING SURE TWEED'S ONLY DELI IS WELL STOCKED WITH MANY PICKLED MEATS AND PRESERVES.



HIS COLLECTION INCLUDES CATS, DOGS, FROGS, RACCOONS, HOOT OWLS, GOPHERS, PARROTS, CHIPMUNKS, TURTLES, RABBITS, LIZARDS, BEAVERS, SQUIRRELS, PIGEONS, SKUNKS, LYNXES, SALAMANDERS, PORCUPINES AND SEVERAL FIELD MICE... ALL OF WHOM ARE LOVINGLY AND TENDERLY CARED FOR BY THE SOFT-HEARTED MR. PIPER WHO CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO TURN AWAY A PAIR OF SAD EYES FROM HIS DOOR ..



...GETTING ONTO HIS HANDS AND KNEES, HE FINDS A MINI-MACABRE ANIMAL ABOUT THE SIZE OF OSCAR, WALLY, RENE AND TINY TIM -- HIS TAME FIELD MICE -- THE NEVER ENDING SOUNDS THAT CAME FROM THE ANIMAL'S MOUTH WHERE ASTONISHING...



MR. PIPER CARRIED THE TINY THING INTO HIS HOUSE AND LOOKED AT IT CLOSELY IN THE LIGHT IT JUMPED UP AND DOWN ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM AND WAVED IT'S ARMS ABOUT...

... MY GOD...

...WHUT KINDA
LITTLE MITE
IS THIS
I GOT ? ...

MEPT N^o, PHPHTTTT T^o YTEEDLE^o POOTYPOOTY^o POOTY^o NURDY^o

...THEN IT JUMPED OFF THE TABLE ONTO THE FLOOR LANDING WITH A CERTAIN UNDESCRIBABLE DEFT...

THEN IT SCURRIED ACROSS THE ROOM AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND GAVE THE APPEARANCE OF 'MOTIONING' FOR THE AMUSED MORTICIAN TO FOLLOW HIM...

...THE OLD MAN'S SMILE SLOWLY VANISHED NOW AS THE ANIMAL BOUNCED OVER TO WHERE HE HAD BEEN EMBALMING A CORPSE. IT CRAWLED UP THE LEG OF THE TABLE AND JUMPED UP AND DOWN ON THE CORPSES' CHEST...

NEED^o PLE^o, FOR U FOR^o FORFORFOR^o & INKLIC^o, POOP^o

...HEY...

...WAIT A MINUTE
THERE LITTLE
FELLAH ...

POOOMP

...IT BECAME CLEAR TO PIPER THAT: a) THE ANIMAL WAS OF ABNORMAL INTELLIGENCE ... b) IT WAS TRYING TO TELL HIM SOMETHING . c) IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH CORPSES AND PICKLING...

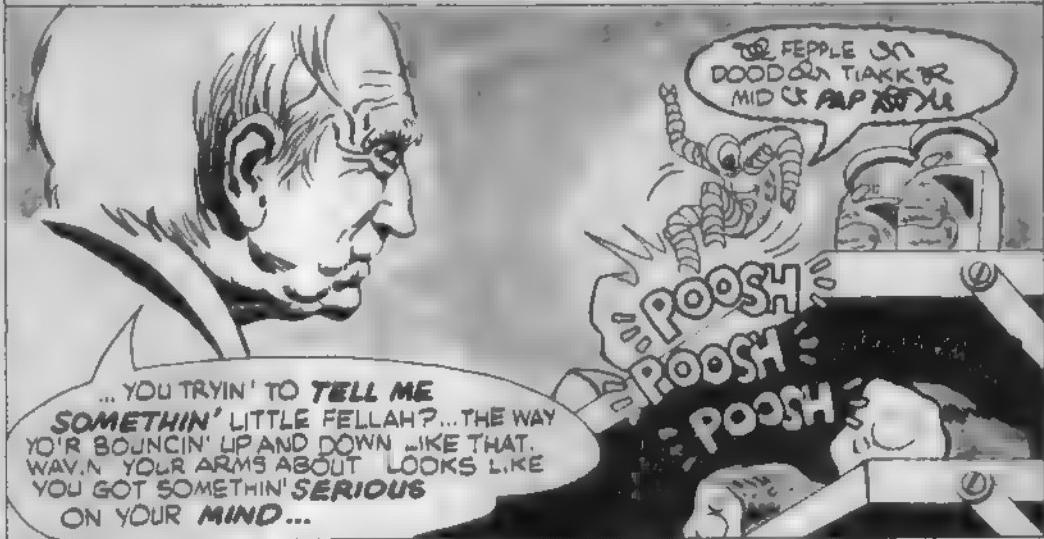
...I THINK ... I THINK IT'S BEGINNING TO HIT ME
WHAT YO'R GETTIN'
A LITTLE FELLAH...

FKDKDK O
MEPPPOP X^o
PEP^o TOT^o
TOOY^o D^o D^o

...BUT WHO? ... WHERE? ...



..IT BOUNCED ABOUT ON THE FLOOR AND SCRAMBLED TO THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM, SEEMINGLY SNIFFING, THEN ABRUPTLY, IT BOUNCED UP AND DOWN ON THE MEAT SHELVES LIKE A LUNATIC AND SHOUTED VERY LOUDLY. MR PIPER WAS SIMPLY ASTOUNDED



...THE ANIMAL SEEMED TO SMILE A LITTLE AT MR. PIPER AND JUMPED OFF THE CORPSE, ONTO THE FLOOR, AND RAN TO THE BACK DOOR... WHICH HE SCAMPERED OUT... LEAVING THE OLD MAN OF TWEED ALONE AND MOMENTARILY THOUGHTFUL ...



...THEN IT RETURNED AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, CARRYING IN ITS ARMS ITS DEAD LITTLE WIFE...



MR PIPER PICKED UP THE WIFE-ANIMAL AND CARRIED IT TO A TABLE WHERE HE LAID IT DOWN GENTLY.. HE WENT OVER TO HIS CUPBOARD AND WITHDREW A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND A SMALL AMOUNT OF EMBALMING FLUID



...WHILE THE MINI-MACABRE HUSBAND WATCHED. THE MORTICIAN INSERTED THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN THE ARM OF THE WOMAN AND SLOWLY PUMPED THE FLUID INTO HER DEAD VEINS...



HE TURNED TO THE MOURNING HUSBAND AND INDICATED HE HAD DONE ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY. THE ANIMAL-MAN LOOKED FIRST AT HIS WIFE'S REMAINS AND THEN AT MR.PIPER .. HE WALKED OVER TO HIS OPEN HAND AND PRESSED SOMETHING IN IT...



THEN HE PICKED UP HIS WIFE AND LEFT, LEAVING MR. PIPER TO LOOK AT HIS PAYMENT. A SMALL UNEARTHLY COIN FASHIONED OF SOME OTHER-WORLD METAL SHIMMERED IN HIS HAND.



MR PIPER SMILED AND WALKED OUT ONTO HIS VERANDA . HE COULD SEE THE TINY SPACECRAFT WEAVING ITS WAY UP FROM A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES, SEE IT SEEM TO HOVER FOR A MOMENT OVER THE FUNERAL PARLOR. THEN SHIFT OFF INTO THE STARTS FOR HOME, WHERE HIS VISITOR'S WIFE WOULD BE PROPERLY BURIED IN THE CUSTOMS OF THE FAR-OFF PLANET



...HE HAD SEEN TO IT SHE'D LAST THE TRIP .

THIS EVENT IS PROBABLY THE MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY HAPPENING THAT'S EVER TAKEN PLACE IN TWEED, WINNESOTA YET THE ONLY CITIZEN WHO WITNESSED IT SITS QUIETLY ON HIS VERANDA ROCKING AND LISTENING TO CRICKETS AND FROGS AND PLAYING WITH HIS PETS



AFTER A WHILE, THAT SAME NIGHT, HE STOPPED LISTENING AND STOPPED ROCKING AND CEASED PLAYING. . AND QUIETLY DIED... PETER PIPER HAS LIVED A GOOD LIFE. AND NOW THAT IT WAS OVER HE HAD NO REGRETS

The Legend of an 18th Century gentleman: H.P. Lovecraft



Howard P. Lovecraft wrote and lived his weird tales in the provincial town of Arkham in Massachusetts. In this 18th century place of prosperous peak-roofs, sunset-flushed ionic columns, Victorian manses, and slippery walls he wandered through the early-dark hours - stopping here and there neath barbaric and snarling tree limbs, pausing to think and write in sequestered graveyards - this macabre gentleman of American Literature of the twenties and thirties breathed into his work an emotion of reality unknown in other's writings.

Arkham, Mass., does not exist on any map; but as the Rhode Island Historical Society does not hesitate to suggest, Arkham is PROVIDENCE, R. I., where Lovecraft's attachment was so strong it permeated all his tales. H.P.L. was a romantic, who in his letters actually stated he would have preferred to have lived during the 18th or 19th, rather than the twentieth, century. Providence gave him this opportunity, for in the 1920's and 30's it was a town only slightly removed from that other era he so loved. It is a city that remembers him through its heritage and its legends (though it knew not even of his existence when he was alive). The places where he lived are shrined to Lovecraftians; his birthplace at 66 College Street was moved and is restored at the corner of Prospect and Meeting Streets. 66 College Street is now the John Hay Library (of BROWN University), and houses the world's most complete collection of Lovecraft material.

In the John Hay LOVECRAFT COLLECTION are all of his surviving original and typed manuscripts, his many letters and postcards to friends and associates and fellow writers, many hand drawn sketches and photographs never published, and many other memorabilia of this late writer.

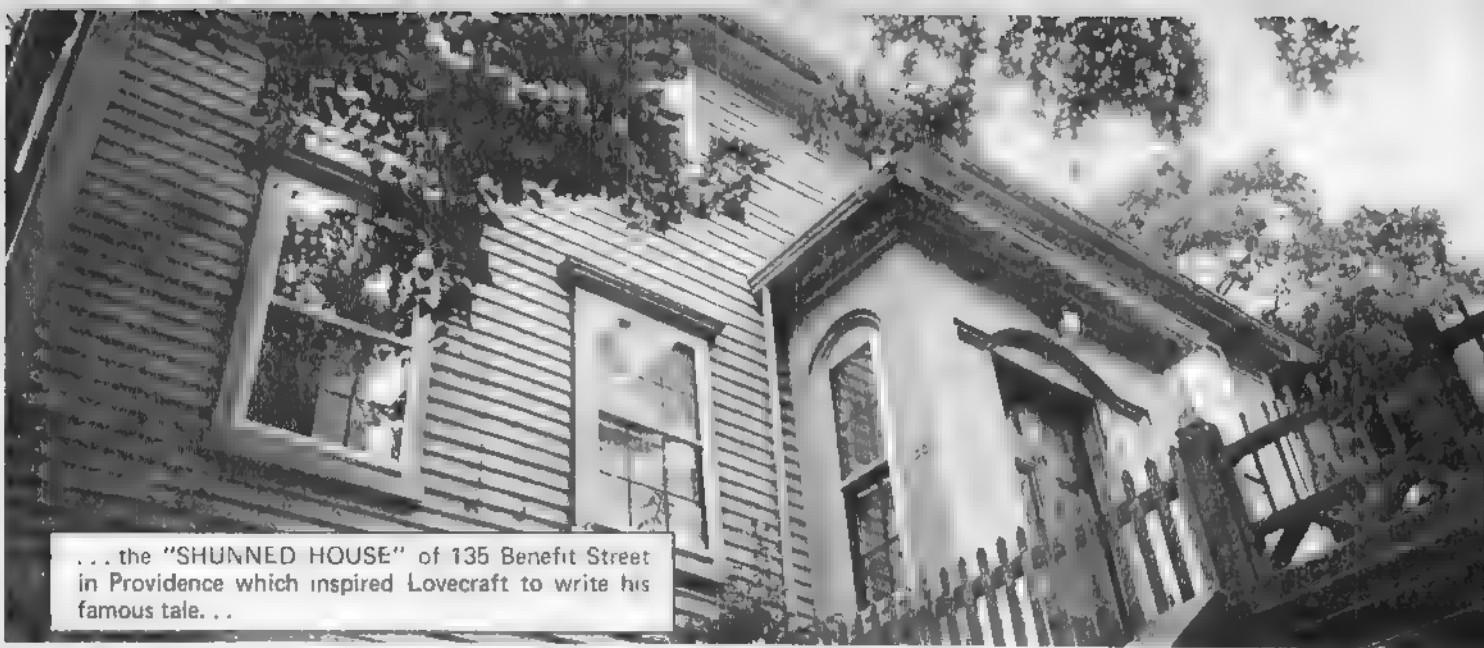
Lovecraft sold almost exclusively to the famous Chicago based pulp magazine of the period: WEIRD TALES... and existed on a near poverty income, which he supplemented by ghost writing for others - such as the famous HOUDINI escape artist.

ARKHAM HOUSE, established years ago by his friend and fellow weird-writer, the late AUGUST DERLETH, has re-published all Lovecraft's tales and letters and poems in several beautiful hardbound editions, such as DAGON, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DUNWICH HORROR and several others. (A free catalogue is available to anyone writing: THE LOVECRAFT EDITIONS, ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS, Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583).

This man-macabre, this Lovecraft, is the inspiration for SKYWALD's emotion-evoking HORROR-MOOD. The writers of the weird tales in these magazines are Lovecraft lovers, and their admiration for him is reflected in their tales (just as Al Feldstein's E.C. comic publications are also somewhat reflected). It is generally considered that Lovecraft's writings were awkward and poorly structured, yet, he is held in qualified respect by virtually everyone who has read his work. The 'qualification' being, that his strength lay in the horrific images which he concocted through the use of emotional description. This description, though often labored and long, never failed to conspire with its own context to evoke definitive atmospherics.

... from: 'THE FESTIVAL ...'

"... there was an open space around the church; partly a churchyard with spectral shafts, and partly a half-paved square swept nearly bare of snow by the wind, and lined with unwholesomely archaic houses having peaked roofs and overhanging gables. Death-fires danced over the tombs, revealing gruesome vistas, though queerly failing to cast any shadows. Past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see over the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. Only once in



...the restored birthplace of Lovecraft, an eerie and dismal manse when blue-black shadows fall upon its shuttered windows by night...



...the publishers are proud and pleased to present this feature about the late macabre writer, H. P. Lovecraft, who so influences modern horror writing. Our editor, Alan (Archaic) Hewetson, recently spent a week in Providence, R.I., where Lovecraft spent most of his life. Mr Hewetson returned to New York with IT, the prose presentation on the outside back cover of this issue, and several other Lovecraftian inspired tales "continuing the Cthulhu Mythos" which will shortly appear, such as "WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH" and "THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND". We wish to thank the following people and organizations for their assistance in this Lovecraft review: NOEL CONLON, editor, THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY; JOHN CROMPTON, THE SWAN POINT CEMETERY in Providence, Rhode Island; JOHN HARVEY, the JOHN HAY LIBRARY of Brown University; ANN BANKS, associate editor of English and American Civilization at Brown University; the late AUGUST DERLETH and his ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS. Thank You.

a while a lanthorn bobbed horribly through serpentine alleys on its way to overtake the throng that was now slipping speechlessly into the church. I waited till the crowd had oozed into the black doorway, and till all the stranglers had followed. The old man was pulling at my sleeve, but I was determined to be the last. Crossing the threshold into the swarming temple of unknown darkness, I turned once to look at the outside world as the churchyard phosphorescence cast a sickly glow on the hilltop pavement. And as I did so I shuddered. For though the wind had not left much snow, a few patches did remain on the path near the door; and in that fleeting backward look it seemed to my troubled eyes that they bore no mark of passing feet, not even MINE! . . .

The literary learned argue about Howard Phillips Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe, refusing to accept them EACH as valuable contributors of personal and unique styles — argue and compare them, to conclude: Lovecraft didn't do 'this' in which Poe was accomplished; or, Poe could never portray Lovecraft's 'that'. Perhaps the readers of WEIRD TALES were above this need of the intellectual to label device, for THEY argued not, and appreciated each author's own merits.

... " . . . past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. . ." - a passage that might well have been written in the sequestered graveyard behind St. John's church on North Main Street in Providence, where at 4 in the morning, Lovecraft would go and sit and write. Years before, Edgar Allan Poe sat with his woman - Sarah Helen Whitman - wooed and romanced her in this tiny and old place, where no tomb is a hundred and fifty years young. In this place I sat too at 4:00 a.m., alone but for the spectral company of Poe and Lovecraft.

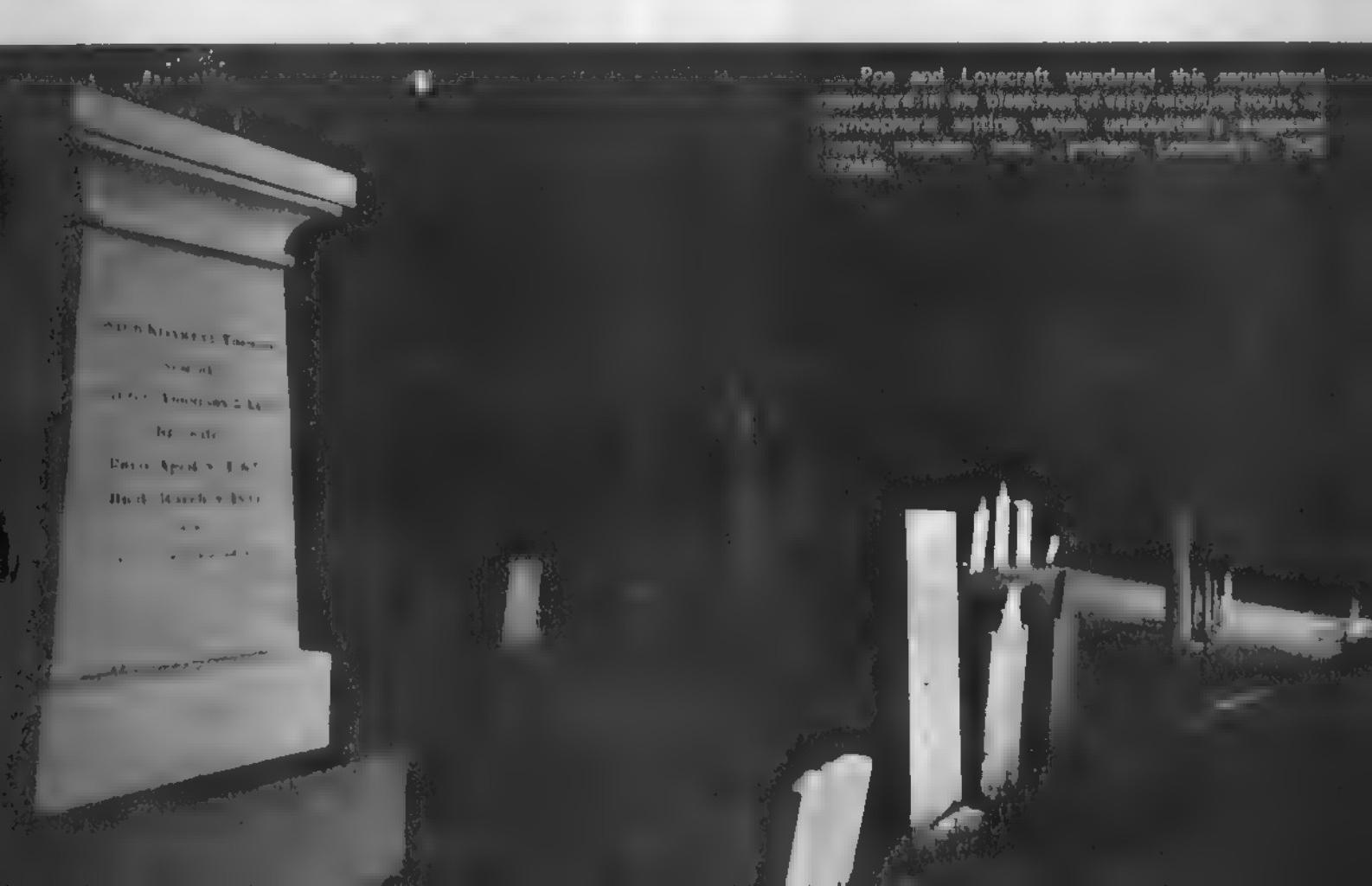
It is a place where they were at home, near ageless timeless tombs that they imagined to open and thrust out lunatic occupants to terrorize the world of the living, a place where the wind blows perpetually within but not without; where noises issue from heaving grass underfoot; where to walk is to become terribly frightened of shadows and things behind. . . a place not at all on this earth.

It is not fitting that H. P. Lovecraft does not enjoy the reputation of Poe; history, we know, will correct this injustice. For the moment, it is perhaps enough that he is loved and cherished by the few hundred thousand who these days pour over his reprinted works. . . THE TOMB, BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, FROM BEYOND, THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE, THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN, THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN, THE NAMELESS CITY, THE OUTSIDER, HERBERT WEST, REANIMATOR, THE LURKING FEAR, THE RATS IN THE WALL, THE UNNAMEABLE, THE SHUNNED HOUSE, HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, IN THE VAULT, THE CALL OF CTHULHU, PICKMAN'S MODEL, THE STRANGE HIGH HOUSE IN THE MIST, THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, THE WHISPERER IN THE DARKNESS, THE SHADOW OF INNSMOUTH, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH-HOUSE, THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP, THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME, THE HAUNTER IN THE DARK, and THE EVIL CLERGYMAN. . . to name a FEW. . .

We recommend the works of HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT. . . the 18th century gentleman who is the finest horror writer of this 20th century!

photos HEWETSON

Poe and Lovecraft wandered this sequestered



this is the SKITTER-SLIME PAGE

. . . where macabre abomination gather and muddle to denounce the mad-emotional HORROR-MOOD . . . this lunatic expression of many weird MOOD-TEAM members who creep about on all fours searching out GARGOYLE EGGS. . .

ANNOUNCING: THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST:



... to enter . . . write in 25 words or more 'why' you WANT a gargoyle egg . . . that's all you have to do . . . we have TEN of them sitting on the archaic editor's desk and will award these awkward artifacts to the best ten entries . . . we will send the winners their gargoyle eggs in a small cardboard box through the mails . . . and we will publish excerpts from the winning entries . . .



along with the winner's names . . . if you wish an egg, better enter NOW . . . we know the response to this contest will be awfully overwhelming . . .

. . . speaking of things about to be hatched, here are some proposed doings of MOOD-TEAM members that'll shortly be scheduled for PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE publication. . .

. . . by EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY: 'HER MAJESTY... THE CORPSE', 'MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN', 'OF FLUIDS POSSESSED', and 'THE BUTCHERED AT EARTH'S CORE' . . . four implosive usual tales of the weird from this demonic writer. . .

. . . by ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON: 'WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM' (an appropriate title we assure you), 'HICKORY DOCK, AN AWKWARD ANALOGY', 'THE WETNESS IN THE PIT', 'AND IT WHISPERED, AND IT WEPT, AND IT DID SHUDDER, AND IT DID DIE' . . . all tales to bend your PRIMAL SPINAL . . . but the LAST ONE there is gonna take your so-called bent primal and chop it into little tiny bits and EAT IT. . .

. . . by DYING DOUG MOENCH: 'THE DEATH OF THE BOTH VICTIM', 'NIGHT OF THE CORPSE BRIDE', and 'HIT AND RUN, MISS AND DIE' . . . Dying Doug is dying to dig into more for a new and exciting secret project we're workin' on, a project, we assure you, that's a lot more exciting than those AWFUL PUNS. . .

. . . by DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE: 'THE NIGHT OF THE MUTANT EATERS' . . . a tale about certain fetid fetuses who clamber out of their wormy womb just long enough to define the emotional HORROR-FOOD. . .

. . . by MACABRE MAELO CINTRON: 'ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE', wherein this HUMAN GAR-GOYLE continued feature artist somewhat parodies LES MISERABLE, by Victor Hugo, in a tale that will become a CLASSIC. . .

. . . by PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS: 'THE BEAST IN HORROR-SWAMP' . . . we promised you we'd return to DARKKOS MANSION and we DO in its ORIGIN TALE scheduled for PSYCHO #11. . .

AC', by Awkward (and prolific too) Augustine Funnell of Gananoque, Ontario; several sketches from Don Hales of Verdun, Quebec; 'SPACESHIP 8765' and 'TO THE CALL OF DEATH' by Craig Hill of Redwood City, California; 'EXPERIMENT' and 'OBSESSED' by George Kremin of Chicago, Illinois; and a plentiful pound of monstrous artwork from Daniel Kiryelazja and Scot Miresinger of Medfiend, Massachusetts, . . . would you like to see a HEAP SWEATSHIRT? . . .



. . . from you READER-WRITERS we continue to receive a number of weird and enjoyable stories . . . including a blood-sucking 'NIGHTMARE WORLD TOO' macabre to publish by James DelleCave of Naples, Florida; 'THERE'S A MONSTER IN ALL OF US MR. COLT', 'PINHEAD', 'H-JACK', 'OUR EARTH IS DYING', 'THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT', and 'THE AMNESI-

. . . would you like to see MONSTER STAMPS from the pages of SKYWALD? . . .

. . . we apologize to Wayne Foskey of Cordele, Georgia for returning a piece of artwork to him that wasn't his . . . NOW . . . will the guy who drew an 'undersea thingie' and who signs his name Foskey (but who isn't) please write us if he wants his 'undersea thingie' back. . .

. . . and thanks to that same



Wayne Foskey fiend-friend for his excellent story: 'THREE OF A KIND'...

... meanwhile, Tommy Walker writes from Toledo, Ohio that ... "THE SLITHER SLIME MAN" in PSYCHO #9 crept into my ventricle and stayed there for TWO DAYS..."

... while Leonardo Puccino dropped us a line from Boston, Massachusetts suggesting:... "Emotionally-disturbed Ed Fedory's 'QUESTION OF IDENTITY' in PSYCHO #9 was a superior story, while the artwork by ZESAR made it alive and become real to me..." ... Edward Wallace writes to us from Hattiesburg, Mississippi... "I still can't get over the Ray Harryhausen feature in NIGHTMARE #7... it was beautiful..."

... Mike Phillips of Tornado, West Virginia writes:... "After having read PSYCHO #8, PSYCHO ANNUAL, NIGHTMARE #9 and the NIGHTMARE ANNUAL, I must say that you guys are doing a pretty good job. It seems to me that

your new editor Alan (Archaic) Hewerson is writing over 50% of the story material but he is doing a terrific job of it. For some reason all of your artists seem to be foreigners but they too are really great. But please try to get more artists like Jeff Jones (see: 'ALL THE WAYS AND MEANS TO DIE' in PSYCHO #9), Mike Kaluta (see: 'THE MECHANICAL CANNIBALS' coming up shortly), Steve Hickman, etc. and make sure that Bruce Jones, (see: 'WILD GRAPES' coming up soon), Dennis Fujitake, (see: 'THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT' soon), Torrents, Dela Rosa, (see: 'PLOT OF DIRT' in PSYCHO #9), I really liked the Gargoyle story, make all future stories as good or better as the one in PSYCHO #8, Marcos, (see: 'THE PRINCESS OF EARTH' in NIGHTMARE #10, and 'THE WEIRD WAY IT

WAS' coming up soon) Cintron, (see: 'PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES' in this issue) and have him do a full-length strip (macabre Maelo is taking over the HUMAN GARGOYLES feature you just mentioned Mike), Zesar, (see: 'WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?' coming up shortly), and Sostres (see: 'THE GHOUL' soon to be published) do much more work for you in the future... (you think we're on the right wave-length Mike? All those bracketed editorial notes kinda indicate we ARE!!) I really liked the 2 movie reviews in NIGHTMARE, but please try to review the very newest movies you can find. I am a big HAMMER FILM fanatic so do as many reviews on their new films as possible, such as HANDS OF THE RIPPER, TWINS OF EVIL, DRACULA TODAY, and so on, and feature the many sexy actresses which always appear in HAMMER PRODUCTIONS. . . all-over you're wonderful...

... THIS...
IS EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY



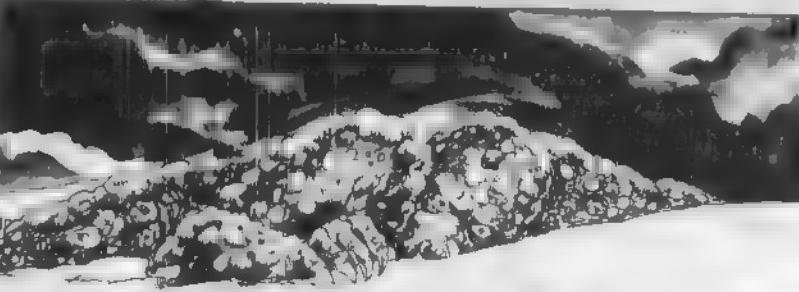
... NOBODY CAN EVER SAY THAT THE EXTRA-ORDINARY MOOD-TEAM ISN'T ALWAYS TRYING HARD TO PLEASE... RECENTLY EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED AND ARCHAIC AL SPENT ABOUT 4 HOURS COLLECTING GARGOYLE EGGS FOR: THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST... A CONTEST NOBODY INTERESTED IN MACABRE MEMORABILIA CAN AFFORD TO MISS...



... and on that letter, so ends our editorial letter column this issue, in which we try to report what YOU have to say...
... you have something to say? Write!
... till next issue...
R.I.P.
—archaic—



DAWN HAS NOT YET COME UPON THIS UNKNOWN PLACE... YET A MAN WHO IS A HEAP SHUDDERS FROM THE COLD NIGHT AIR... AND EVEN SO, HE IS NOT LONG OUT OF THE OCEAN AND HE IS STILL DAMP WITH THE ATLANTIC AND DEATH...



PABLO
MARCO

WHERE AM I...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

I REMEMBER...
A FIGHT... A
MONSTROUS SQUID...
NEARLY DROWNING...

THEN BEING
WASHED ASHORE
ON THIS ISLAND

I CAN'T HAVE SLEPT
LONG... IT IS STILL DARK.
I'M STILL THE HEAP...

THAT ENORMOUS SHADOW...
MOVING... COVERING THE
BEACH... BUT BUT IT'S
NOT SOLID...

WHAT KIND OF
A SHADOW IS
NOT SOLID...

by HEWETSON AND MARCOS

WHAT ON
EARTH...

IT'S NOT REAL...
IT CAN'T BE
REAL...

...LIKE SOMETHING
OUT THE DARK
PAST... BEFORE MAN
WAS BORN... A
PREHISTORIC BIRD...

...BUT... BUT IT CAN'T BE
ALIVE IT CAN'T BE
IT'S ONLY BONES...
JUST BONES...

THE HEAP

JUST BONES HEAP...
EVEN AS YOU ARE JUST
A QUIVERING MASS
OF JELLY-LIKE
SEMI-HUMANITY...

.. YOU SPEAK OF LIFE
AS IF IT HAS A MEANING
FRIEND HEAP, DO YOU
EVER THINK OF DEATH
SO SERIOUSLY? PERHAPS
YOU **SHOULD**... FOR AS YOU
WILL SOON LEARN...

**EVEN
A HEAP
CAN DIE!**

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE ...

AAAAAEEEEEAAAEEHHH

AYE.. YOU WILL SOON LEARN HEAP, THAT THE MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH IS A GAMBLE YOU TAKE FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT DAY TO DAY.. AND THAT TO TAKE FOR GRANTED ANYTHING--LET ALONE YOUR VERY LIFE--IS A MISTAKE YOU CAN ONLY MAKE ONCE!

IT'S ALMOST LIKE A PTERODACTYL... AN ANCIENT REPTILE-BIRD THAT WAS NEARLY EXTINCT BEFORE MAN WALKED THIS EARTH.

BUT IT CAN'T BE ALIVE...

AND CERTAINLY NOT WITHOUT A BODY.. WITHOUT SOME KIND OF SUBSTANCE... IT'S AGAINST EVERY LAW OF NATURE...

HAVE TO FIGHT IT SOMEHOW... EVEN THO IT'S SO BIG, IT MUST BE FRAIL.. PERHAPS THAT'S THE ANSWER...

BUT I CAN'T WRESTLE FREE OF ITS CLAWS...

UUUUUUUUU

DRAZZING ME ACROSS THE TOPS OF THE TREES... I'M TOO HEAVY FOR THE THING TO GAIN ANY HEIGHT...

IF I COULD ONLY GRAB ONE OF THE TREES I'D HAVE A CHANCE BECAUSE...

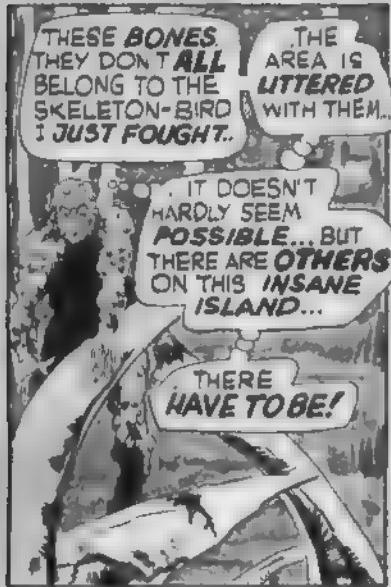
WHAT ON EARTH CAN ABSORB THE SHOCK OF BEING SMASHED BY A TREE?

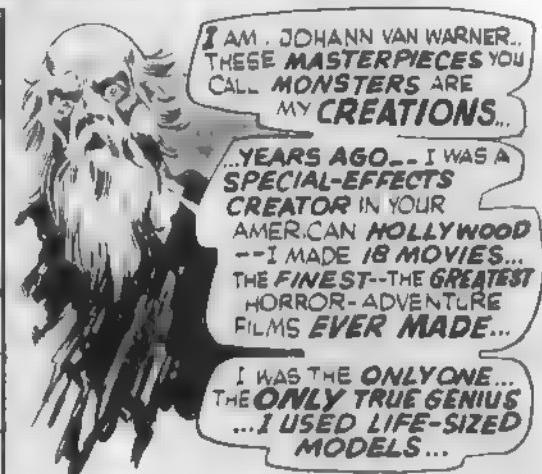
...AND LIVE?

CONGRATULATIONS HEAP--YOU WIN ROUND ONE... BUT DON'T SMILE TOO PROUDLY, NOW AS YOU FALL TO THE GROUND SURROUNDED BY THE SHREDDED BONES OF THE THING YOU'VE JUST DEMOLISHED ...NO, NOT YET...

...FOR ROUND TWO IS JUST COMING UP...

ROUND TWO...

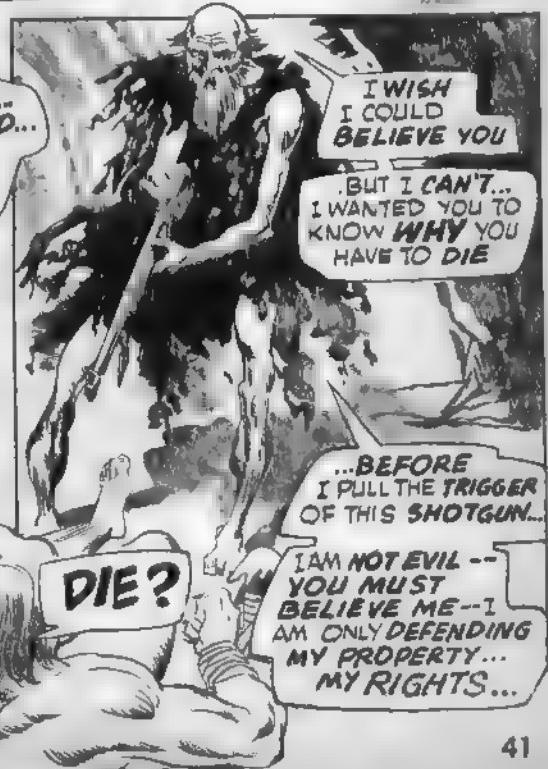
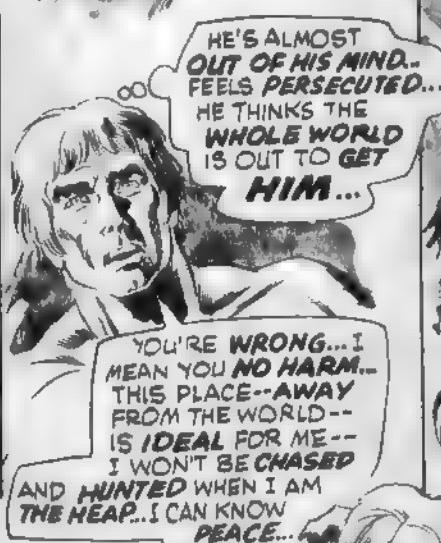
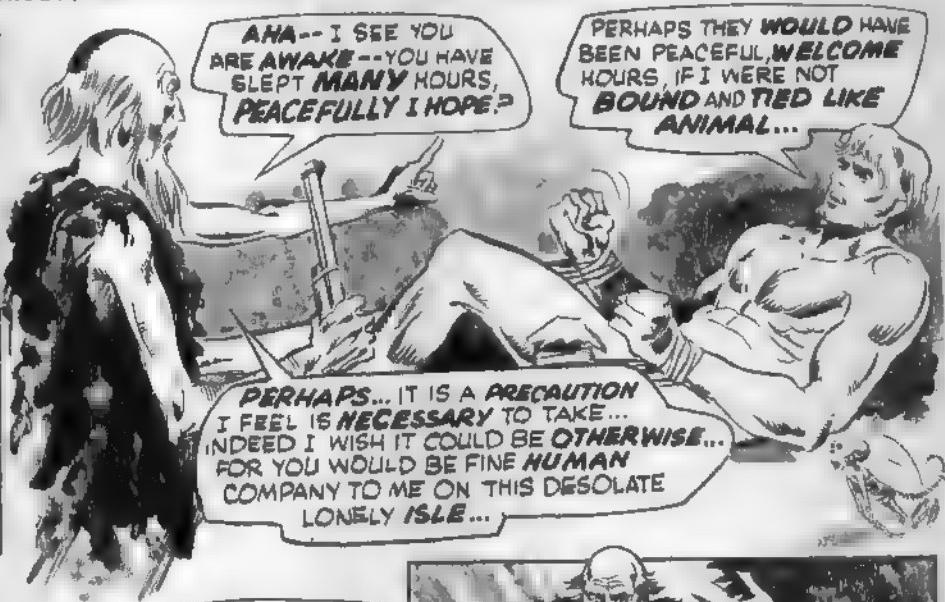




SUCH TALK OF THE IMPORTANCE OF USING ONE'S BRAINS IS NOT EXACTLY ALIEN TO YOU JIM ROBERTS! YOU HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT OF SUCH THINGS, AS THE BEING YOU SELF-CALL THE HEAP... IT IS A PITY YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE THEIR IMPORTANCE NOW THAT YOU ARE A MAN...



BUT ENOUGH OF OUR PHILOSOPHIZING... YOU CARE NOT AS YOU ARE BOUND AND CARRIED UNCONSCIOUS TO A CAVE... A PLACE OF ASTONISHING HORROR AS YOU WILL LEARN WHEN YOU AWAKE...





MURDEROR...
IF I HAVE TO DIE...
I'LL TAKE YOU
WITH ME!

UUUUGGGHHHH
IT FALLS ON ME... THE WEIGHT...
SO HEAVY... CRUSHING ME!



HAVE YOU EVEN DREAMED OF SUCH LUNACY?

HAVE TO SAW HIM
OPEN... COULD DRILL
A HOLE WITH MY
HAND-DRILL BUT
I'D NEED TWO HANDS
HAVE TO SAW THRU...

IT WORKS... BUT HE'S
BLEEDING PROFUSELY...
THE STENCH FROM
THE INSIDE OF THIS
INHUMAN ANIMAL
IS HORRENDOUS...

I
SEE IT...
NOW IF I CAN
ONLY PICK...



MANY HOURS LATER AS THE DAWN RISES FROM THE OCEAN A STRANGE CHANGE TAKES PLACE... AND THEN AN AWAKENING...

I'M STILL ALIVE... CHANGING BACK TO JIM ROBERTS...

BUT HE SAVED ME-- MUST HE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART-- SEEN THE ERROR OF HIS ACTIONS... THE INJUSTICE!

PERHAPS HE WAS LONELY... REALIZED I SPOKE THE TRUTH. BUT HE DIED TOO SOON... TOO SOON!

HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME A FRIEND... MY ONLY FRIEND IN THIS WORLD--WE COULD HAVE LIVED ON THIS ISLAND TOGETHER... KNOWN A LITTLE PEACE...

I'M BANDAGED...
...ON THE FLOOR THE OLD MAN-- CLUTCHING A BULLET-- THAT CAN ONLY HAVE COME FROM MY GUT.
HE SAVED ME... BUT HE'S DEAD! BLOOD IN A POOL AROUND HIS ARM-- I MUST'VE INJURED HIM WHEN I FELL

...A KIND OF COMPANIONSHIP... FRIENDSHIP... BUT HE'S DEAD!

...AND I'M ALONE STRANDED... IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

YOU WIN ROUND THREE HEAP AFTER A FASHION, FOR YOU ARE RIGHT IN SAYING YOU'RE ALONE AND IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT OF NOTHING-- BUT LEST YOU THINK THIS BE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE FOR LONG... YOU'RE WRONG... FOR THE BELL WILL SOON RING TO START THE ROUND AGAIN... IN!

**THE SHIP OF FIENDS!
AND THE WEREWOLF WITHIN!**
NEXT ISSUE...

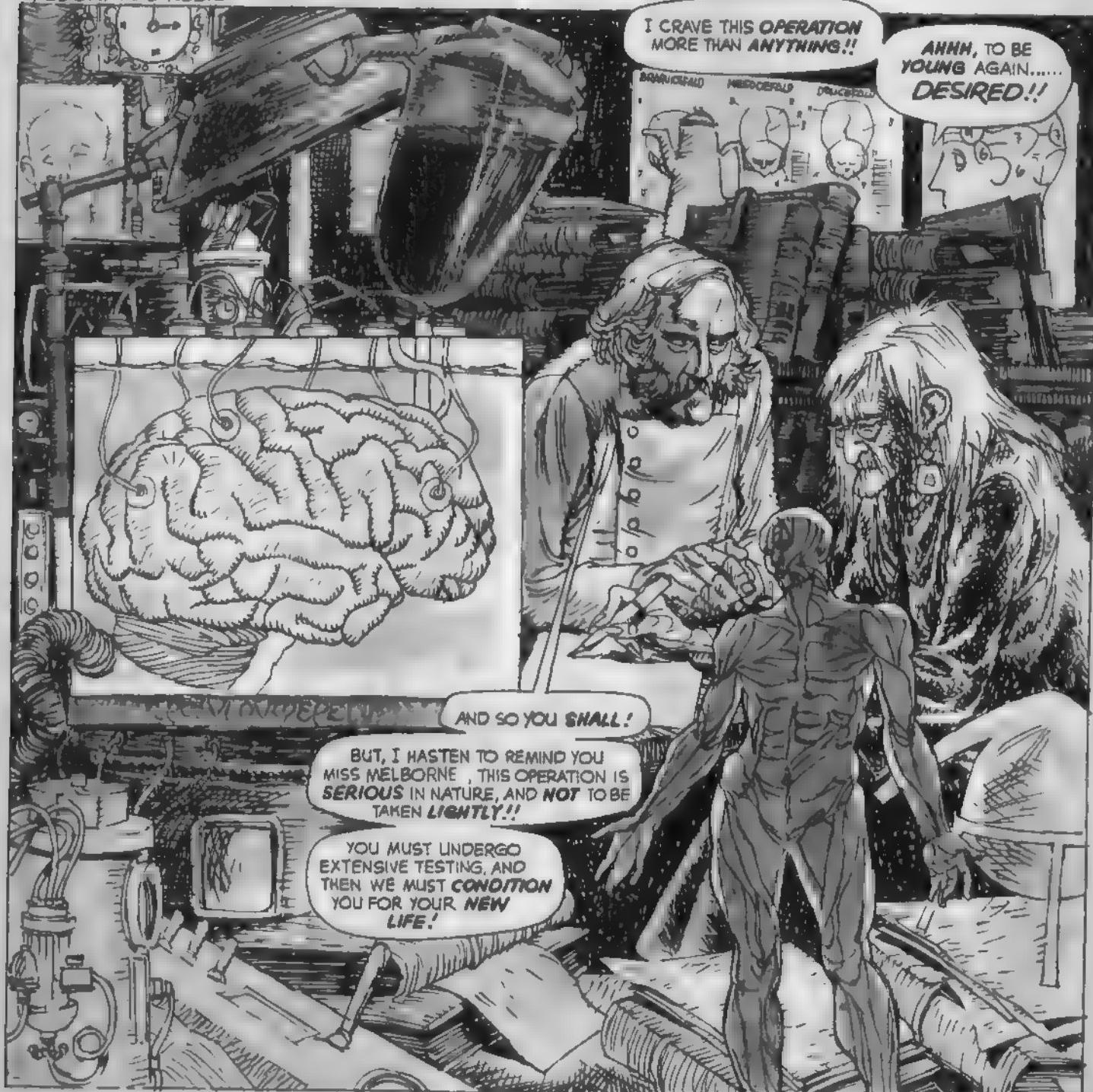
WITHIN THE STERILE CONFINES OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE-- SEALED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS-- SPEAKING IN A HUSHED VOICE, LONG DEVOID OF ANY CHARM OR BEAUTY, SITS GLORIA MELBORNE... QUEEN OF THE SILENT SCREEN!

HER ONCE YOUTHFUL FACE, AND FIRM BODY HAVE FALLEN BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF RAVENOUS TIME!! BUT, EVER-PRESENT HOPE, STILL REMAINS!

THE PEN, HELD IN THE FEEBLE GRASP OF LOOSE MUSCLES, IS HER KEY TO A NEW LIFE. SHE HAS BUT TO SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE FOR.....

....THE TRANSPLANT!!!!

FEDORY AND RUBIO



TIME, IS A COMMODITY I CANNOT WASTE!!

I NEED THIS OPERATION.....

...I WANT IT NOW!!!

I'M PAYING YOU A FORTUNE, SO GET A LITTLE SPRING IN.....

YOUR IMPATIENCE IS ONLY SURPASSED BY YOUR VULGAR INGRATITUDE!!

ONLY I CAN PERFORM THIS OPERATION TO SATISFACTION....

... SEEK ANOTHER SURGEON, AND YOU SHALL WIND UP JUST SO MUCH COLD MEAT ON A GRANITE SLAB!!!

IF YOU WISH TO RE-CAPTURE LOST YOUTH, YOU MUST OBEY!

IN THE MONTHS TO COME YOU WILL HAVE THE TESTS...

... WHILE KEEPING THAT VILE TONGUE ENCASED WITHIN THAT AGED MOUTH!!

BESIDES, WE MUST WAIT 'TIL THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THE OPERATION IS FOUND!

WHAT IS THAT??

THE DONOR!!!

WHILE THE ARCHAIC "FEMME FATALE" WAS CONDITIONED AND TESTED,
THE GRIM NEMESIS OF TIME PRESSED STEADILY ONWARD....
GRINDING TISSUE AND BONE TO ELDritch DECAY, UNTIL

LOOKS LIKE
BENSON IS
GOING TO BE
HAPPY
TONIGHT!

YEAH, THE
MEAT-WAGON
FINALLY BROUGHT
HIS "PACKAGE"!!

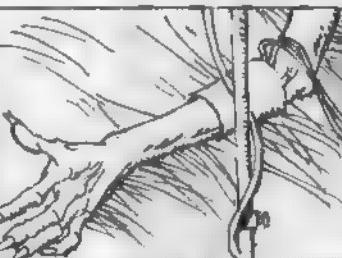
BRING THE "TISSUE" TO
THE OPERATING ROOM!!!

...HURRY!!!

SCANT SECONDS LATER.....

QUICKLY, PUT IT
ON THE OPERATING
TABLE!!

THERE'S NOT A
SECOND TO
LOSE!!!



AS THE PLASTIC SHEET IS REMOVED, ITS
HIDDEN CHARGE IS REVEALED.....

THE BODY
IS READY,
DOCTOR.

I HAVE SPENT HALF MY LIFE
DEVELOPING THIS OPERATION FOR
SCIENCE!

NOW IT HAS BEEN CHEAPENED TO A
MIRACLE CURE FOR VAIN, OLD
HAGS!!!

IS THERE NO
JUSTICE??

WE CAN BE SURE, MISS
MELBOURNE WILL BE HAPPY
WITH BOTH OF US!!

IT SEEMS A CRIME, THAT THIS
BEAUTIFUL BODY SHOULD HOUSE
THAT PARASITIC BRAIN!!

NURSE-READY
THE BODY!!



SAW!!

THE DEAD, UNNEEDED BRAIN OF THE DONOR HAS BEEN THROWN TO THE EVER BURNING FIRES OF THE HOSPITAL'S FURNACE! ALL SHATTERED REMNANTS OF HER PAST.... DISCARDED!! ONLY THE HOUSING OF THE BEING, THAT FLESH MONUMENT, REMAINS.....

.... WAITING BUT TO SERVE ANOTHER MISTRESS!!!

IT'S STRUGGLING..... IT'S GOING TO DIE!!!

ADRENALIN!!!!

GET THE ELECTRODES READY!!!



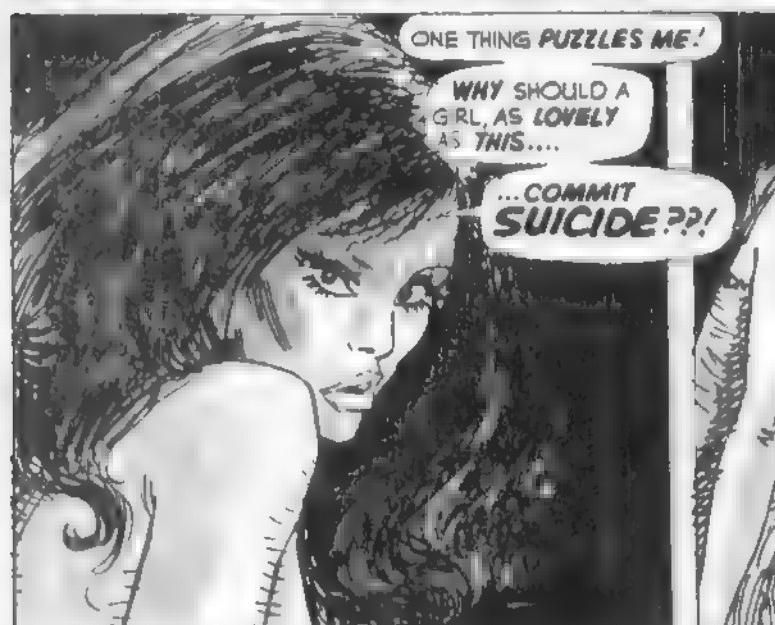
QUICK, BRING THE
PLASMA BATH!!

OKAY, LET'S
GET MOVING!!

WE STILL HAVE TO
IMPLANT THE BRAIN!

FORBES, GET
RID OF THAT MASS
OF WRINKLED
TISSUE, AND GET US
MORE PLASMA!!!

SEVERAL WEEKS FOLLOWING THE TRANSPLANT, THE RESULTS ARE ABOUT TO BE VIEWED. MEMORIES ARE PUT ASIDE, AS GLORIA MELBORNE LAYS THE DESIGNS FOR THE FUTURE.....



THE MONTHS PRESSED STEADILY ON. THE HOT AUGUST DAYS FELL BEFORE THE CRISP OCTOBER AIR. DECEMBER SNOWS BLANKETED THE GROUND, SOON TO MELT UNDER APRIL'S WARM CARESS. THROUGHOUT THESE LONG MONTHS, NO WORD WAS HEARD OF THE ELUSIVE PATIENT, UNTIL BENSON HEFTED THE BURDEN TO HIS SHOULDERS, AND SOUGHT HER OUT.....





In 1931 Boris Karloff brought FRANKENSTEIN to the SCREAM SCREEN for the first time. Karloff portrayed the pitiful creature of Mary Shelley, a weird writer of the 19th century who wrote her masterpiece within a few months in a contest with her poet husband in 1816, Percy Bythe Shelley. The creature of Dr. Frankenstein's experiments was never really named in the original novel, although the monster was characterized as the possessor of real and awful human emotions and torments. In the following selection by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the Doctor (Victor Frankenstein), is about to begin his experiments, and describes the creature to-be thus

" when I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibers, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labor. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organization, but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking, but I doubted not that I should ultimately succeed. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses. My operation might be incessantly baffled, and at last my work be imperfect. Yet when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in science and mechanics, I was encouraged to hope my present attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success. Nor could I consider the magnitude and complexity of my plan as any argument of its impracticability. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a human being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved, contrary to my first attention, to make the being of gigantic stature. That is to say, ABOUT EIGHT FEET IN HEIGHT, and proportionately large. After having formed this determination, and having spent some months in successfully collecting and arranging my materials, I BEGAN . ."





**SCREAM
SCREEN:
...A LEERING
LOOK AT THE
FRANKENSTEIN
MONSTER...**

KARLOFF



POSTERS

FROM HOLLYWOOD'S DEEPEST, DARKEST VAULTS COME LUGOSI AND KARLOFF IN THESE ORIGINAL 1930'S MOVIE POSTERS OF THE 2 GREATEST HORROR FILMS EVER IMAGINABLE...
(ONLY \$1.50 EACH PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING)



FRANKENSTEIN - GAZE DEEP INTO THE MAD MONSTER'S BROODING EYES AS THEY HANG HORRIBLY - STARING AT YOU - FROM YOUR DEN OR BEDROOM WALL.. THIS IS THE FILM THAT MADE BORIS KARLOFF A HORROR MASTER!



DRACULA - INVITE YOUR GHUL FIEND UP TO YOUR DEN OR BATHROOM TO SEE THIS ASTONISHING ORIGINAL MOVIE ETCHING OF BELA LUGOSI AND SHE'LL CLAMBER INTO YOUR AWAITING COFFIN FASTER 'N YOU CAN PRY OPEN THE LID!

PHOTOGRAPHS

...COLLECT THESE MANIACAL MEMORY MOMENTS FROM THE LUNATIC PAGES OF *PSYCHO* AND *NIGHTMARE* (...PLUS A NEW LEERING LOOK AT LON CHANEY'S INSANE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA BY SKYWALD'S OWN MADMAN... PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS...

...THESE ARE GENUINE HIGH-GLOSS, LOW-COST REAL 8" x 10" PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OUR SUPPLY IS LIMITED... SO GET YOUR ORDER IN NOW... SEND IN \$1.25 FOR EACH PHOTO YOU'D LIKE... AND ADD 35¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING ON YOUR TOTAL ORDER... (ALL ORDERS REQUIRE 3 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING)... A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY FOR SOMETHING AS WEIRD AND MAGNIFICENT AS THESE BIZARRE BLOW-UPS..



#1 THE WEREWOLF WILL RIP INTO YOUR CHOKNIG THROAT LIKE A FIEND OUT OF HELL!



#2 FROM UNDER THE SANDS OF EGYPT CREEPS AN AWFUL THING OF ULTIMATE DEATH... THE MUMMY!



#3 ONE OF THE GREATEST PORTRAITS EVER CONCOCTED OF A THING OF EVIL ... THE GRAVEGHOUl!



#4. PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS' CONCEPTION OF THE MOST MACABRE THING EVER TO CRAWL OUT OF THE DEPTHS...

THESE ARE GREAT FOR:

PIN-UPS
WALL FRAMES
GIFTS (WEDDINGS
BAR-MITZVAHS
AND FUNERALS)
WALLS (DUNGEONS
BEDROOMS
AND THEATER
SCREENS WHEN THE
MANAGER ISN'T
LOOKING)
PUBLIC WASHROOMS
RECREATION ROOMS
PARKS
3 RING BINDER COVERS
DESKS, CLOSETS,
REFRIGERATORS...
...CERTAIN KINDS OF...
CHAIRS
UNDERNEATH CARPETS
ON CEREAL BOXES
FOLD THEM UP AND
PUT THEM INTO...
WALLETS
MUTANTS
TREES
SMALL RESTAURANTS
AND MANY OTHER
PLACES WE'D
RATHER NOT
MENTION...
**ABSOLUTELY
GUARANTEED**
AGAINST SHRINKAGE
FOR 3 WEEKS...

THIS IS THE
ONLY PLACE
YOU CAN GET
THEM:

SKYWALD POSTERS AND PHOTO DEPARTMENT
18 EAST 41st STREET, Rm 1501, NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

...I HAVE DECIDED TO CREEP INTO THE HORROR-MOOD
AND, HENCE, ENCLOSE # _____ IN ARCHAIC CASH FOR:

POSTERS: FRANKENSTEIN DRACULA
PHOTOS: #1 #2 #3 #4 #5 #6

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY AND STATE ZIP



#5... CREEPING OUT OF THE SILENT FILM ERA COMES LON CHANEY'S FINEST FILM MOMENT... THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA...



#6... BY BAD BILL EVERETT. THE WEIRDEST HUMAN TRAGEDY EVER TO EVEN BREATHE... THE USUAL-UNUSUAL HEAP!...

PARANOIC POSTERS AND PATHETIC PHOTOS

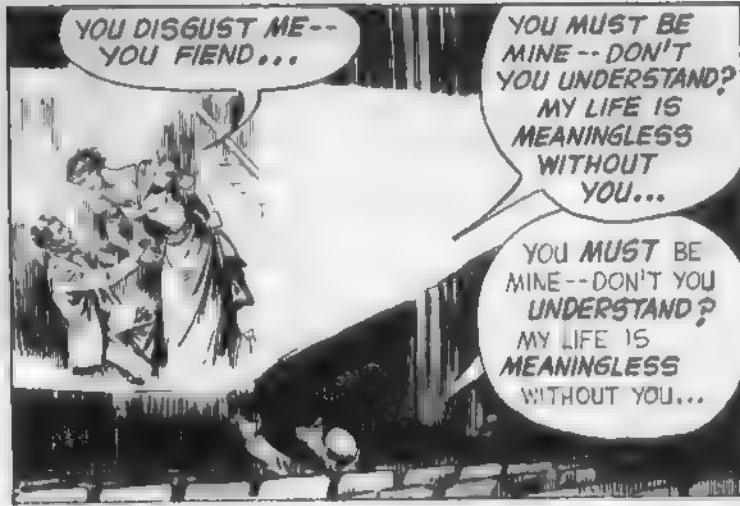
OF THE
MAD-EMOTIONAL
BRAIN-IMPLOSIVE

HORROR- MOOD

DESIGNED TO
CRIPPLE
YOUR
PRIMAL-SPINAL
AND SEND IT
CRAWLING
INTO
OTHER-EARTHS

WHERE IT WILL PROBABLY
SHATTER
INTO
LITTLE

=BITS=

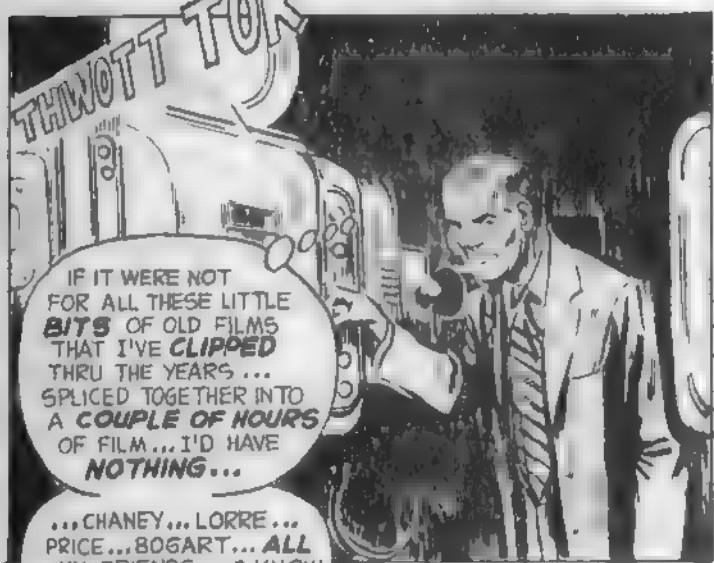
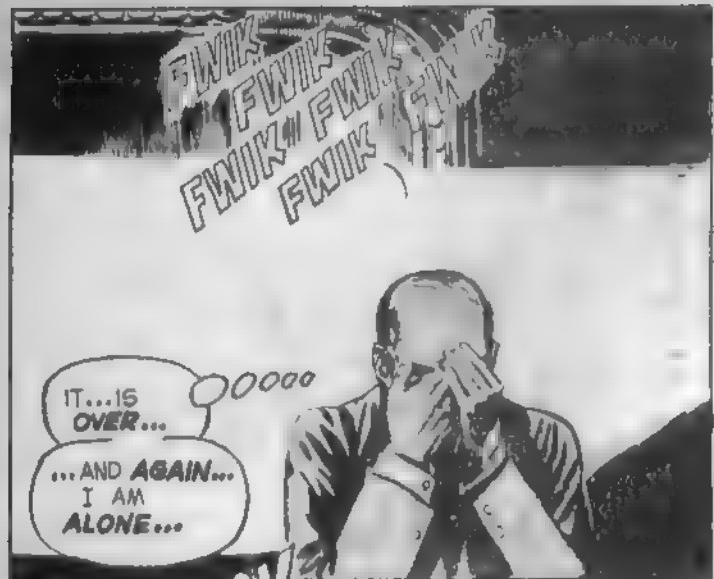


HEWETSON AND XIRINUS

THIS BIZARRE PLACE YOU NOW VISIT IS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL... THE SILVER CINEMA... WHERE MANY DREAMS WERE ONCE BORN THAT HAVE SINCE VANISHED AND DIED... BUT NOT ALL... SOME DREAMS LIVE NEARLY FOREVER...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE



NO...I WON'T LET THEM
TAKE MY THEATER AWAY FROM
ME...I HAVE NOWHERE
ELSE TO GO...

...NO OTHER
FRIENDS
TO HELP
ME...



THE HUNCHBACK...
NOW THERE WAS A
MAN WHO KNEW HOW
TO PROTECT HIS...
POSSESSIONS...
...QUASIMODO...THE
SUB-HUMAN HUNCHBACK...

...WHEN
THE SOLDIERS
CAME TO TAKE HIS
BELOVED ESMERALDA
HE FOUGHT THEM FROM
THE RAMPARTS OF THE
CATHEDRAL...
DROPPING BOILING
ACID ON THEIR
HEADS...



...BUT I
HAVE NO
ACID...

...THAT
NOISE...A
VOICE FROM
THE LOBBY...

COME ON
OUT HERE
OLD
LAWRENCE...
...LET'S HAVE
A TALK...



YOU...
YOU DARE COME
HERE...YOU--
WHO THREATEN TO
TAKE MY VERY
HOME FROM
ME?

ALRIGHT...
JUST RELAX
OLD MAN...

RELAX?
...HOW DO I
RELAX WHEN
YOU'RE ABOUT
TO THROW ME
OUT INTO THE
STREET?



THAT'S ENOUGH!
MY FATHER MAY
HAVE LIKED YOU
ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU
ON THRU A HUNDRED-
THOUSAND
DRUNKEN
STUPORS
...BUT NOT
ME...

...AND I
DON'T NEEDA
PROJECTIONIST
ANYMORE
ANYWAY...
THE THEATER'S
CLOSED...
HAS BEEN
FOR
MONTHS...



YOU'D HAVE SEEN
THAT IF YOU WEREN'T
SO WRAPPED UP IN
YOUR FANTASY
WORLD...

...NOW YOU'D BETTER BE
OUT BY THE MORNING...
BECAUSE THE WRECKERS
ARE COMING THEN...

...AND THEY'LL TAKE THIS
PLACE APART BRICK BY
BRICK--IF YOU'RE
STILL IN IT...THEY'LL
TAKE YOU APART
TOO!



YOU MUST REMEMBER -- OLD LAWRENCE HAS MUCH PRECEDENCE SET FOR THIS ACT... FOR IN THE FILMS THE JUSTICE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IS FREQUENTLY MET BY TAKING THE SCALES OF FATE INTO YOUR OWN HANDS...

...THIS IS ALL THAT OLD LAWRENCE HAS DONE... TAKEN JUSTICE INTO HIS OWN HANDS...

PERHAPS I AM OLD... AND SENILE... BUT NOT TOO OLD TO FORGET HOW TO FIGHT... NOT TOO SENILE TO FORGET HOW MY FRIENDS WOULD HANDLE A SITUATION LIKE THIS...

I WILL NOT FLEE... I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO... I WILL WAIT FOR THEM TO COME IN THE MORNING...

...AND WHEN THEY DO... THEY'LL BE IN FOR A SURPRISE...

I REMEMBER... IN ALL THE OLD FILMS ... THE VICTIMIZED HERO WOULD NEVER FLEE... HE WOULD STAY... AND FIGHT...

...AND IT WOULD ALL END WELL... IN THE END...

KINDA SORRY I GOTTA SWING THIS BALL AT THE OLD PLACE... I USTA GO THERE AS A KID ON SATURDAYS...

...FILL MY FACE WITH POPCORN...

YEH... AN' IT ONLY USTA COST A DIME...

...NOW WHAT KIN YOU DO WITH A DIME TODAY... REMEMBER THE FIRST PICTURE I EVER SAW...

IT WAS A TARZAN FLICK... BUSTER CRABBE ... I REMEMBER GOIN' HOME AFTER THE MOVIE THINKIN' ABOUT THE WAY HE SWUNG THRU THOSE VINES LIKE...

...HEY...

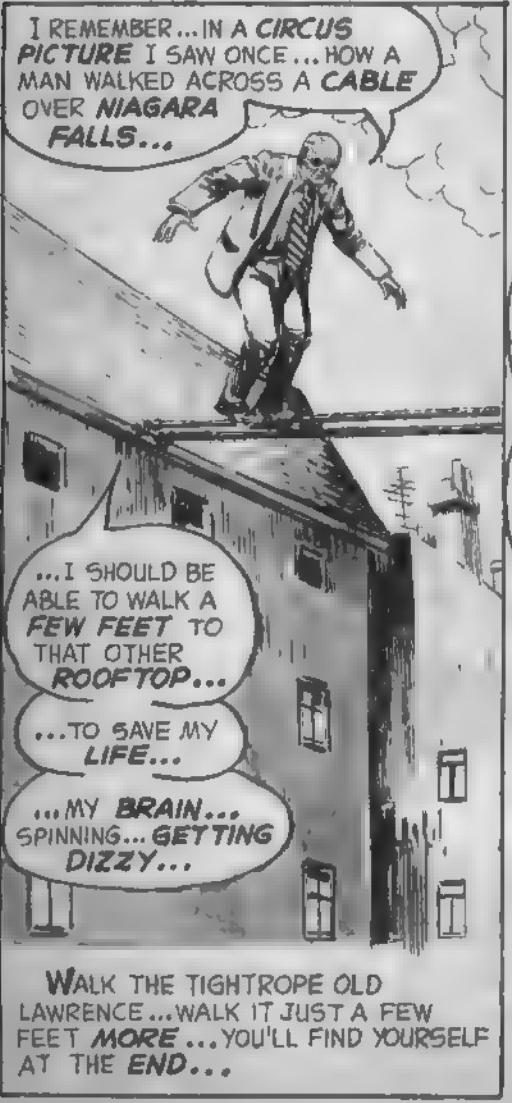
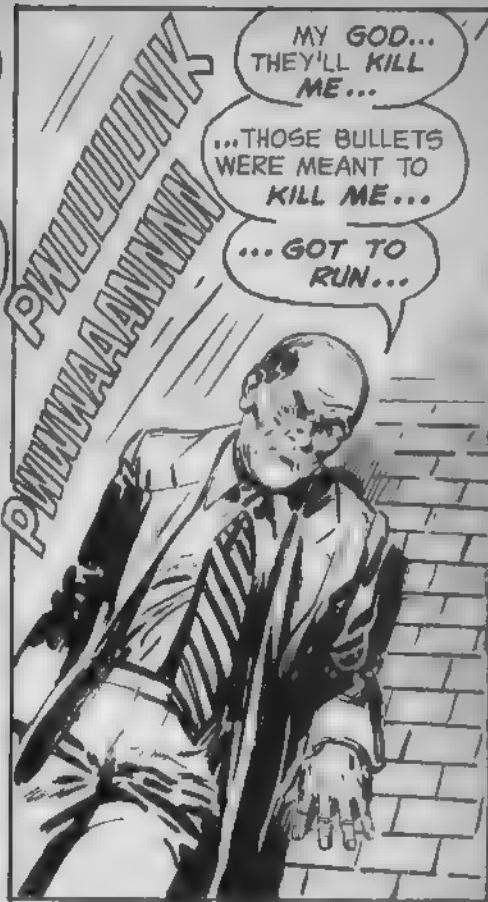
AM I SEEIN' THINGS?
IF YOU ARE I'M SEEIN' THEM TOO...

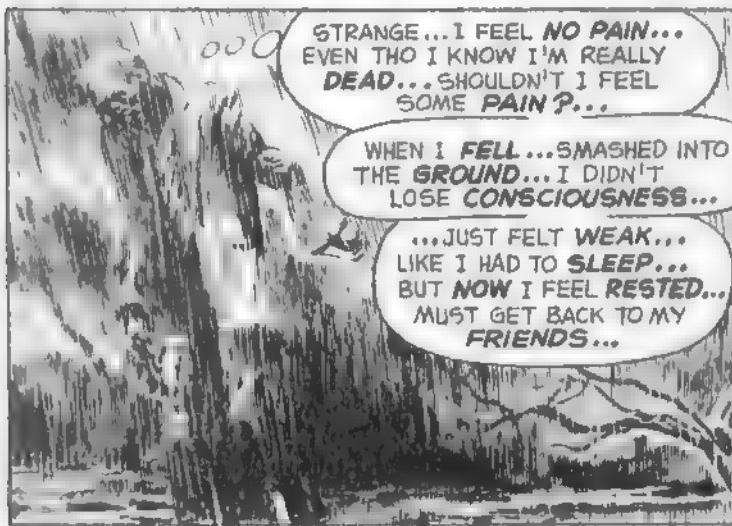
ASSASSINS!!
YOU WANT TO TAKE MY HOME FROM ME... TAKE THIS MAN'S LIFE... HE IS THE MURDERER!

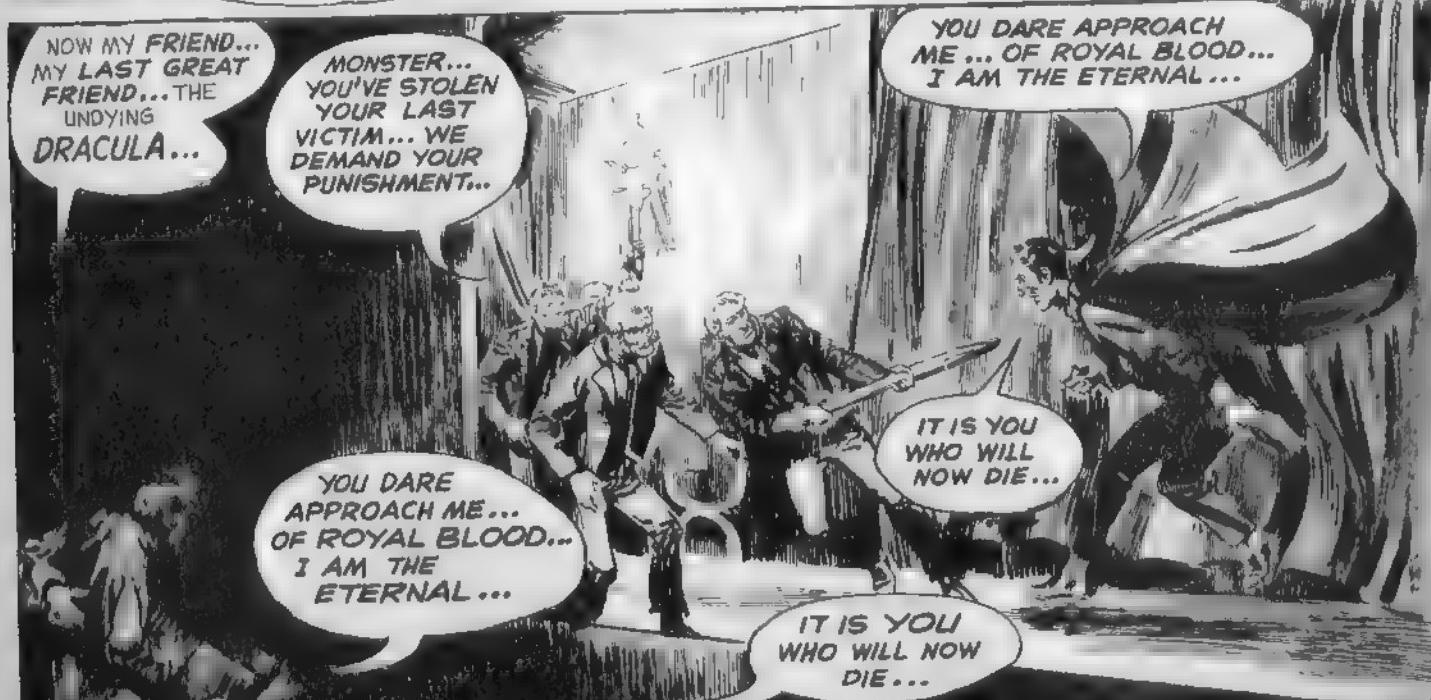
HERE IS YOUR VICTIM... ALREADY DEAD... ALREADY A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GREED... YOU NEED LABOR NO LONGER WITH YOUR WRECKING BALLS AND SHOVELS... NOT HERE...

...GO SOMEWHERE ELSE... GO AND DESTROY YOUR OWN HOMES... LEAVE ME IN PEACE... IN MINE...









FIENDS...
HAVE YOU NO
COMPASSION...

...THE LIGHT...THE
MORNING LIGHT...
EEEEAUUUUHHHHH...

FIENDS... HAVE YOU
NO COMPASSION...

...THE LIGHT... THE
MORNING LIGHT...
EEEEAAAADDAAA

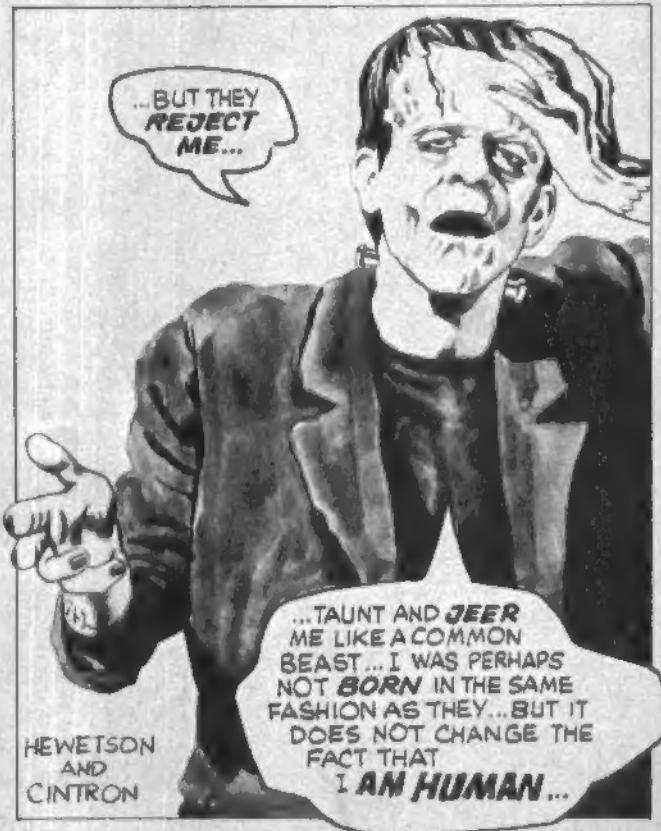
THE MONSTER... IS
DEAD... PERHAPS NOW...
OUR CHILDREN CAN KNOW THE
MEANING OF PEACE...
...WITHOUT HIM... THE WORLD
IS A MUCH BETTER
PLACE...

SO ENDS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL... FOR ONE OLD
MAN... OLD LAWRENCE... WHO HAS DIED WITH MUCH HONOR
AND DIGNITY... LIKE ROYALTY... WITH HIS ROYAL, LOYAL
FRIENDS... TO THE END.

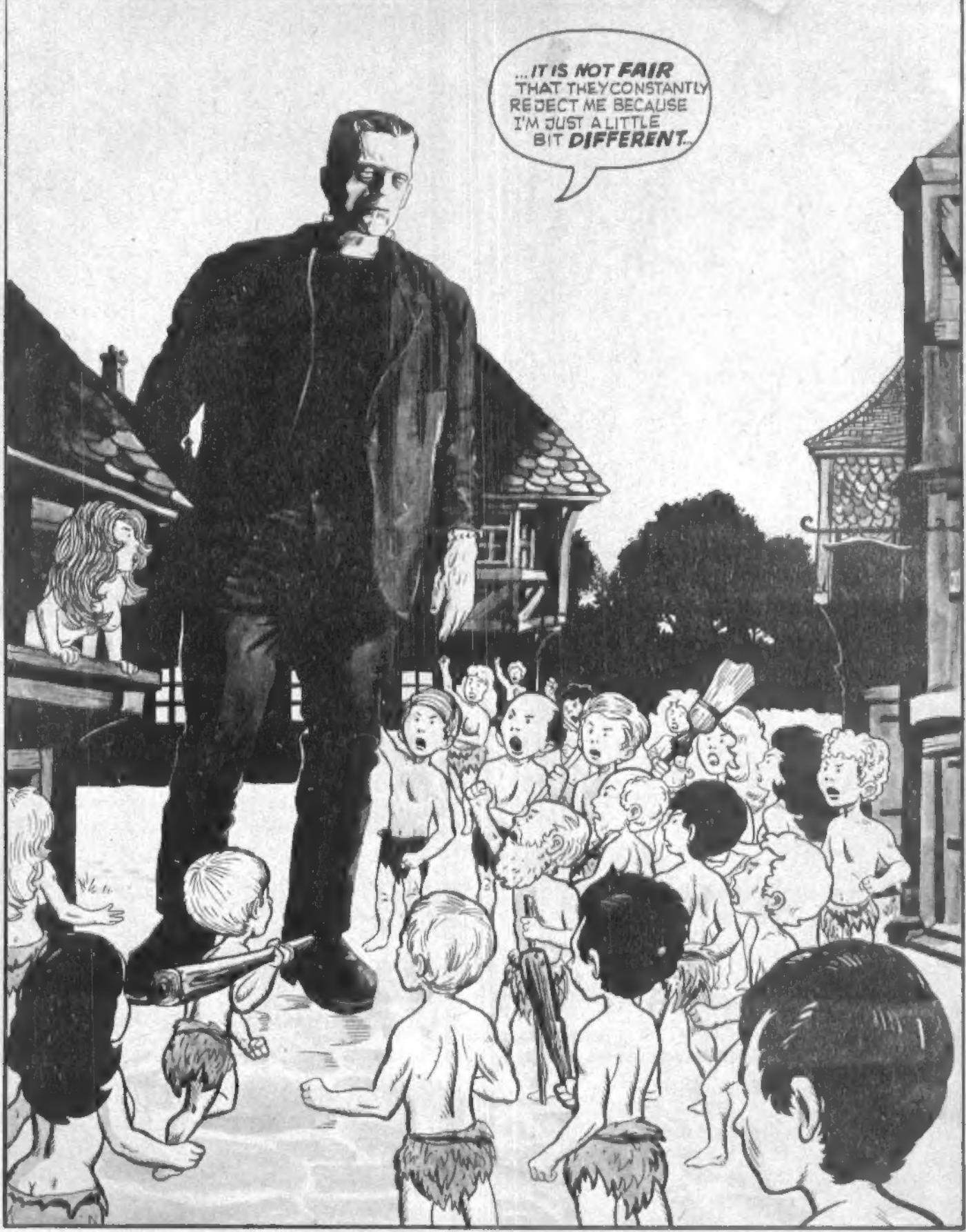
SKYWALD RE-WRITES THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES ...

... A ROUND OF MOOD-TEAM APPLAUSE GOES OUT TO KARLOFF, CHANEY, LEE, CUSHING, PRICE AND LUGOSI FOR THOSE MAGNIFICENT-MANIACAL HORROR-GREATS THEY BROUGHT TO THE MOVIE-MACABRE SCREAM SCREEN... SEEMS TO US THO, THAT NOTHIN' ON THIS GROTESQUE GREY EARTH IS ABOVE PARODY... HENCE OUR LEERING SATIRICAL LOOK AT...

FRANKENSTEIN



...NOW... FLIP THE PAGE FOR OUR WEIRD TWIST...



...FUTURE "RE-WRITES" WILL INCLUDE A LOOK AT THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE MUMMY, THE RAVEN AND DRACULA ... JUST A WEE BIT OF LUNACY FROM THE MOOD-TEAM WEIRDOS IN THE HORROR-MOOD FASHION...

In an authenticated animal life encyclopedia I recently had occasion to read that sewers of certain cities in this nation today are FILLED with enormous ALLIGATORS. A few years ago it was popular to possess an infant alligator as a pet. These creatures were shipped from their EVERGLADES breeding grounds in water-protected cardboard containers through the mails to the excited buyers, usually children, who before long tired of the care necessary to protect and feed their pets. The pets, further, soon grew too large to be taken casually anymore, and in the end were deposited in mass down toilet bowls. According to the esteemed and credible report, these beasts did not at all die... but continued to live by breeding on human waste in the underground tunnels of the city... where it has been recorded — that on numerous occasions they have actually attacked sewer workers. This in no way explains the singular and awkward occurrence of August the 13th last in my home in Providence, Rhode Island, where I serve as a librarian to the adjoining township PAWTUCKET public library. Providence is a city noted for its weird and narrow and old streets... it was on those mad by-ways that I met

IT

...by Archaic AL HEWETSON
and illustrated by Macabre MAELO CINTRON

On this night it was very black... a hint of blue slowly walked over the moon as I myself walked, wondering over the peculiar youths I had met earlier; people of my own age but with such differing opinions to mine — given always to skepticism over macabre reports, such as the one just related of the teaming alligator community under our cities. My arguments as to the actual scientific plausibility of this report were received by mostly mockery by the group, who quite criticized my (noted) morbidity and dim and narrow attitudes. Perhaps, I tend to think, if they were given to the same physical weaknesses that I am they would understand better those attitudes, acquired, as they were, from years of torturous confinement due to my nervous nature and generally weak physical frame.

I was considering their optimisms as I walked through those near blackened streets, and deep into my thoughts, failed to observe the cobblestones seem to shudder underneath my boots. I became aware of this grumbling only when I chanced to see a glitter between the stones, and bended to receive a half-dollar piece some careless person must have dropped earlier. As I reached for the coin the shuddering and bellowing of the ground came to my ears in a fantastic rush. It was frightening moments before I came to my senses to realize that the pounding might only be caused by late night-early morning sewer workers, and that I had only chanced to stand above their heads as they went unfalteringly about their dismal work.

Still, I quickened my step as I thought of the lunatic conjectures and fears that had, for a frightening few moments, filled my mind with uncontrollable dread. As I now turned onto Pine Street from Garnett Street I perceived a movement in the street just ahead of me. I struggled to keep my senses clear — but with no mistake I saw the black sewer lid directly before me SHIFT and LIFT... a movement as of something greatly disturbed seemed to grow steadily out the hole... almost gradually I became paralyzed and found I could not move my body in the slightest... I stood paranoid and frozen... only my FACE registered the expression of utter FEAR that welled up within.

As I watched, a slime covered kind of inhuman tentacle slithered up and out and groped about near my feet. The mushy slopping sound of the thing was almost horribly drowned out by the near intelligent, loud muttering of the abomination that continued to creep out the manhole weeping and clattering about and sucking the air madly. Three arms, if any man would call them ARMS, now protruded from that pit — they suddenly seemed to become attached to the ground by means of their suction cups... it was evident in their awful straining that they were PULLING something ELSE up from underneath... something unimaginable... something GOD cannot lay claim to... something even SATAN might detest in its mutant absurdity... I wanted to yell... to SCREAM

... but no sound came from within me save a quiet involuntary sob. The cover now fell away completely and the rim around the hole swelled as a mass of grey-red mutilated clear-veined FLESH slid and fell upwards... it came and it came and it came without end till it covered the street and filled in the cracks between the cobblestones and surrounded me. It was a thing with no eyes, with too many arms to be named as a mutated member of the SQUID family; it bore no semblance to anything I had ever known or heard of or read of — but I was convinced it was bred not by mere unholy accident but of utter consummate EVIL...

... it closed around me... its leering flesh gripping into my own... and only when it began to CLIMB ME did I elect to cry out the shriek that was walled within me... and when I screamed even the BEAST seemed to shudder at its mad intensity...

... I found myself unfrozen — but was completely surrounded by the thing; somehow the last shred of reason left me and I RAN ON IT... oh god... THE REVOLTING EMOTION I FELT AS I RAN ON IT... the utter MUSH of IT... I was running on fleshly absorbant quicksand that sucked at my feet and pulled and clawed and clutched and grabbed me as I ran... oh God... ran as I have never run before... ran a million steps to accomplish fifteen feet of wallowing entrenched fleshy squalor...



In an endless run I passed through a parking lot and up to Abbott Park Place, a small square bordered by businesses on 3 sides and Providence's main street on the other, where, I thank the Lord was parked a police squad car. The police accompanied me back, only after much persuasion on their part, to the scene of the mad occurrence... but no sign of the monster was found, and the officers, justified in their conclusions perhaps, merely scoffed at my exaggerated and breathless report of the abomination... There was nothing I could say, nothing I might do to persuade them that what I had reported was born of substance and not my own admittedly agitated mind. They did not even accept the proof that I offered them... the bubbling undefinable SLIME that still coated the cobblestones, and the unexplained open MANHOLE COVER that lay an incredible 20 FEET from its natural socket...



...I AM
DRACULA...

...AND VERY SOON I WILL
BE PRESENTED AS A
REGULAR **CONTINUED**
FEATURE BY THE **MOOD-**
TEAM IN THE MANIACAL
HORROR-MOOD FASHION...

...AND I LOOK
FORWARD TO THAT
MOMENT... IN
NIGHTMARE
12...

FOR THERE
IS ONLY **ONE**
DRACULA

...ONLY **ONE**...

...AND DRACULA
DID NOT DIE!...